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This Week

Had Mr. Christian Lange written his subversive speech in the soap-box prose of Communism, a good half of our subscription list would be walking out on us. But his style is so clear that his contention at once becomes rational, especially the remark referring to politics as 'the rear guard of progress.'

* * *

This week we are shipping our entire clientele somewhere East of Suez, but we don't expect that the trip will result in any broken Commandments or raise many thirsts. To be precise, 'Beyond-India' is a study of Burma, Rangoon, and the immigrating Indian. Read it and you will become an expert on the subject at once.

* * *

Some more of those clever cartoons that have so lifted the tone of this respectable sheet and have secured Mr. Albert Engström a seat in the Swedish Academy appear in conjunction with his second series of Moscow exposés. He shows us that the soul of the people is still pure and faithful and that Trotskii is nice to his friends.

* * *

M. Herriot says that all the winners want to do is to inject some reason into French politics and extract some money from French pockets. That 's all.

* * *

Like many another allegory, *The Pilgrim's Progress* is full of contemporary allusions which have escaped the attentions of many an expert, but not of Mr. W. Ernest Beet, nor of the *London Quarterly Review*, nor of the *Living Age*. This is an admirable example of the effective use of climax.

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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

EUROPE'S ELECTION AFTERMATH

Now that the German and French elections are over and the history of the campaigns that preceded them is receding for most people into the fast-fading memories of indifferent things, there is little occasion to linger over their details except so far as these illustrate more or less enduring traits of national character and opinion.

Clare Sheridan, writing in the London *Outlook*, gives a vivid description of French labor-class sentiment as illustrated during the campaign in the provinces. Evidently she was following M. André Tardieu, former Minister of Foreign Affairs and right-hand man of Clemenceau, who was badly defeated in the balloting that followed.

The French workingman, who is no respecter of persons, hurled obscene and infamous witticisms at his every sentence. M. Tardieu tried to ignore them, tried to shout louder than they, tried to control his exasperation, sweated, drank water, and gesticulated; he spoke well, but no one cared. He spoke perhaps too well; he had all the professional politician's rhetoric, and evidently the people have had enough of it. One wonders why the people all the world over do not at last react against this proven emptiness! M. Tardieu tried to justify the occupation of the Ruhr; his audience did not seem to think it could be justified. M. Tardieu laid the responsibility of French militarism upon Germany for having started the war. His audience expostulated. M. Tardieu exclaimed: 'But you agree that the blame of the war rests upon Germany?' Shouts of '*Non! Non!*'

M. Tardieu angrily replied: 'Then perhaps you think France shares the blame —?' Shouts of '*Oui! Oui!*' M. Tardieu shrugged his shoulders helplessly. 'Where will this spirit lead us?' he asked. 'To Bordeaux!' shouted the audience amid ribald laughter. The Bordeaux joke was repeated several times during the evening. Apparently M. Tardieu was one of the ministers who, when the Germans were advancing so rapidly on Paris, moved with the seat of government to Bordeaux. The incident seems to appeal to the humor of the electorate.

The description of André Marty, Tardieu's opponent, the Communist leader released from prison not long ago after several years' incarceration for captaining a mutiny in the French Black Sea fleet at the time of the Bolshevist revolution, is doubtless biased by the writer's sympathies.

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None the less, it adds an effective highlight to the picture: —

He might be a figure in a Revolutionary play. This strong, young, disheveled figure without a collar arrives at his meetings in a limousine car, amid acclamations!

He speaks very clearly in short, crisp sentences, with deep conviction and without emotion. The emotion is with his audience, who listen to him with rapt attention and interrupt only to applaud.

'Do not expect,' he says, 'that if you elect a Communist to the Chamber it is going to help you — deputies cannot help you — you must help yourselves.'

And again: 'I have not come here to appeal for your vote, but to appeal to your conscience.'

He talks violence, too, and revolution: 'I do not understand argument with a dirty cad like Tardieu, except with revolvers!' he announces from Tardieu's platform, 'and if I am returned to the Chamber, comrades, I shall enter it with my pockets full of grenades.'

The London *Labour Magazine* insisted throughout the campaign that no French newspaper, either of the Right or of the Left, expressed the true sentiment of the country: —

The ordinary 'man in the street' puts down the cost of government to the *military policy* of M. Poincaré. If you ask the man who converses with you by chance at a café whether France does not want 'security,' he looks at you vaguely, and then replies, 'We want *peace*.' That is not good for M. Poincaré. The south and west of France are sick of the Ruhr and Rhine business.

Though the success of the *Cartel des Gauches* means, so far as clericalism was an issue at the polls, the victory of the secularists, even the defeated National Bloc was suspected of faint-heartedness in its support of the Church. Georges Goyau of the French Academy cautioned Catholics in *Le Figaro* against expecting too much of the Government. 'In the religious issue success is better than a triumph.' He compared the situation of the Church in 1919, when the National Bloc came into power, and in 1924, as follows: —

In 1919 the political error that had exiled French influence from the Vatican had not yet been completely repaired. France was not officially and regularly represented there. Religious harmony was at the mercy of an incident. Its natural protectors, an ambassador at the Holy See and a nuncio at Paris, were absent. Thanks to the support of the National Bloc, this has been remedied. In 1919 the Church possessed no legal standing in France. It existed *de facto* but not *de jure*. This was a heavy burden upon pious consciences. It was no longer possible to endow a Mass. Ecclesiastical property held in the name of a priest was subject to the same onerous fiscal exactions as the estate of a private individual in case of the priest's death. To-day the Church has ceased to be the only corporation that cannot inherit.

In the parliamentary archives are a number of reports signed by the great name of Maurice Barrès, demanding that the coming majority — confidently expected after the elections — reopen the missionary novitiates of which France stands in need abroad.

'A Catholic' replied to this leader in a subsequent issue of the same journal that Catholics could not disobey the counsels of the venerable Cardinal Andrieu, 'to deny their votes to any candidate who refused to do his utmost to erase from the code the *lois laïques*.' He asserted that no governmental leader since the National Bloc was in power had proposed to repeal or modify those laws. Consequently the Catholics must exercise vigorous pressure to enforce their demands. This led to a rejoinder by M. Goyau that added nothing of interest outside of France to the argument. Americans may be interested in knowing that both writers cited M. Izoulet's *La rentrée de Dieu dans l'État*, whose author appealed to the French nation to abjure their

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laïcisme de mort and impressed upon them 'the rôle played by the idea of God in the public life of the United States.'

Gustav Huebner, professor at the University of Königsberg, writes to the *New Statesman* that the impression that Germany's mentality has not changed since the war is mistaken. The revolution of 1918 was an expression of defeat, and in a secondary way was fostered by the ideas of Marxian Socialism. But it did not represent the vital changes in the spirit of Germany, which were not marked by startling external events. In fact, an internal revolution comparable with the Ruskin-Morris revolt against individualism and capitalistic industrialism in England more than a generation ago was already under way in Germany before the war, and began among the younger generation in the universities.

There the new mediævalism and romanticism found expression in definite historical, sociological, and philosophical theories. It expressed the ideals of an organic stabilized community, sharing the totality of life, of a type of man harmonizing the intellectual and emotional faculties, — the *homme ouvert* of Bergson against the *homme clos*, — against the conventional slogans of competition, progress, restless activity, and skeptical intellectualism.

The war of 1914 was not *our* war. It was not the war of the young intellectual generation. We see in it the catastrophe of the individualistic and imperialistic capitalism of Europe. Since the war the new spirit has conquered our universities. We were students before 1914. Now we are teachers. The universities are the places where the representatives of the new spirit have obtained official positions. But the great break between the old and the young generation goes through the whole country. The positivism and eccentric individualism of the nineteenth century, of the reckless industrial boom and imperialism after 1870, find no understanding with our youth. The youth-movement is split up in different groups. But they are all led by the ideas of a community-life, — *Gemeinschaftsleben*, — of a religious rebirth, and of a new 'body-feeling,' — *Leibgefühl*, — which is expressed in dancing and wandering and camping-out.

The success of men like Hitler is due to their utilizing politically these new forces. They are fighting Mammonism, as Carlyle called it, and often mistakenly identify that trait of modern society with the Jewish race and Jewish finance, as they do the country's political renaissance with men like Ludendorff. But this is not the fundamental spirit of the movement.

We are against imperialism and against violent conquests, reënforced in our view by the experience of the Ruhr occupation and the perpetual threatening of Poland. As I live in East Prussia I am a good witness of this fact. We only claim an independent national existence, just as France did after 1789 and Russia since 1918. We are against a dynamic and for a static culture, looking back to the Middle Ages as a time when Europe had a true internationalism.

POLAND AND HER ADVISERS

On April 28 the Bank of Poland was opened — an event that probably marks a new era in the financial history of the new republic. On account of the demoralization of the old currency and the business uncertainties and depreciation that have prevailed almost ever since the Armistice, it was supposed that this institution would have to be financed from abroad. In fact, Mr. Hilton Young, an English adviser, has been assisting the Polish Government with its fiscal problems for several months. The authorities ventured to appeal directly to the public, however, for subscriptions — amounting to nearly $20,000,000 — to set up the new bank, with such success that only a negligible proportion of the capital will have to be supplied directly or indirectly by the State.

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The new institution is a bank of issue, and will circulate a gold-secured currency, the unit of which will be a *zloty*, worth about twenty cents in American money. Several million dollars' worth of fractional currency minted at Vienna is being put into circulation, and it is expected that the old paper marks, which have depreciated until they are practically valueless, will speedily disappear.

Poland has not had as favorable a press in France during the past few months as it had a year ago. Perhaps some French interests look askance at the growth of British commercial and financial prestige in that country. *La France Militaire* says: —

The news that comes from Poland is not good. It would be puerile to hide the fact. . . . First of all, the economic situation is detestable. The depreciation of the Polish mark seems to have been checked pending later reports, but that does not improve the economic situation.

After drawing a very black picture of the situation at Lodz, Poland's great industrial centre, and telling us that certain Warsaw firms have had to dismiss sixty per cent of their employees, this journal continues: —

The danger is increasing daily. The country is slipping more and more toward 'internationalized' ministries. The Right, which ought to be on the alert to prevent that fatal result, is not taking the only measure that will prevent it. Want is making internationalists of the Poles. We must attack the evil at its source: the country's economic distress. . . . There is only one remedy: to carry out the agrarian policy of the peasant leader, Witos. . . . Poland must be divided up into little freehold farms. Every Pole must be given a piece of land of his own to defend, to cultivate, and the rest of the country must adjust itself to such a programme. . . . We conjure Poland to avert a revolution by doing before such a calamity befalls her what she will be forced to do after it comes.

THE STRUGGLE OF RACES

BASIL MATTHEWS'S *Clash of Colour* is the latest statement of what promises to be the world problem of the present century. The author says that this is 'the supreme feature in the world landscape to-day, and lies right across the path of the onward trek of mankind.' We in America are sufficiently impressed with its existence, and are dealing with some aspects of it rather ruthlessly in our immigration policy, but it looms large in France, in Russia, and largest of all in the British Empire. Of every seven people under the British flag six are colored. We live in an age of unprecedented white hegemony.

The figures are staggering. There are on the earth some fifty-three million square miles of habitable land surface. Of those miles forty-seven million are under white dominance — or nearly nine tenths of the whole habitable area of the world. Of the remaining six million square miles over four million square miles are ruled by the yellow races.

Is this unstable equilibrium — certainly unstable in its numerical relations — likely to be maintained? We have never thought out the issue; we still have vague ideas as to what constitutes race. Our reactions to the subject are instinctive rather than rational. Mr. Matthews thinks the solution is to be found in cultivating the team spirit among the people of different races — presumably a sporting term for universal brotherhood; but whether this will smooth over the coming conflicts induced by intenser economic as well as social and political competition remains to be seen.

FRENCH SPORTSMANSHIP

THE unpleasant exhibition of resentment over the American football victory in Paris last month should in

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all fairness be compared with another incident two months earlier which received some notice in our press at the time, and is thus reported in the May issue of the *Empire Review:* —

On a Sunday in March of the present year a German cyclist, Wittig, came to Paris to take part in a great international cycle race. He was the first German to take part in any sporting event in France since the war. On the same day a French cyclist was racing in Berlin.

Wittig did not win his race in Paris. He was third; but he received a great ovation from the Parisian crowd for a plucky fight. After the race he was presented by his French hosts with a wreath of flowers; and this wreath he laid on the memorial erected to the French cyclists who fell fighting against Germany in the Great War. His action provoked, as it was bound to do, the liveliest comment in the French press. In answer to the journalists who interviewed him, Wittig said that he had laid the wreath on the memorial to the fallen cyclists of France, partly because he was a pacifist who hated all bloodshed and believed in the friendship of democratic peoples, partly because the cyclists to whom the memorial was erected were men whom he had known and respected, and against whom he had raced in the happy days before the war. He added that he was certain that his action would be approved by the vast masses of his fellow countrymen.

These interviews, to anyone who knows the Paris press, were remarkable enough. But they led to something still more remarkable. For they were followed by articles by leading sporting writers, demanding that the authorities in control of the Olympic Games should invite Germany to take part in the Games in Paris this year, and urging that 'in sport, as in art, there is no country.'

This incident of Wittig's race and its sequel have more than the passing interest of a picturesque continental cycle-meeting. For they constituted what is undoubtedly the first genuine act of spontaneous reconciliation between the common people of France and Germany since 1914.

An incident quite parallel with that in Paris occurred during a football match between a Gallego team and a visiting Uruguay team in Spain, where the Uruguayos were mobbed by the crowd.

*

A DOCUMENT OF OPINION

CURIOUS light is thrown upon the language controversy in Belgium by the following paragraphs from an open letter addressed to the American Ambassador at Brussels and published in the pro-Flemish daily, *De Schelde:* —

When strolling about through the streets of Brussels, you will no doubt imagine yourself in a French city; on being introduced to 'officialdom,' you may probably gain the impression that our whole nation is governed or desirous of being 'run' in French, for the 'authorities' will, very obligingly, endeavor to give you such an impression.

Nevertheless, Excellency, such an impression is completely false: Brussels is French only on the surface, and only the smaller part of Belgium speaks French. The greater half of Belgium speaks Flemish and lives in that section of the country which is oppressed in the true sense of the word.

Whereas in the United States even the Negroes have their university in Washington, the Flemish people, after fighting almost a century for it, only secured an institution quite unworthy of being called — as is the case 'officially' — a 'Flemish University,' as one third of the courses are taught in French, one third in Flemish, and the remaining one third in both these languages. No wonder that the Flemish students refused its recognition by boycotting the 'Flemish University' as if no change whatever had taken place!

Our army too is drilled in French, whereas nine tenths of the Flemish recruits do not even understand this language. This condition had, of course, painful consequences during the war, as many a Flemish 'boy,' by not understanding an officer's order or a sign of warning in the trenches, walked to his death! This intolerable condition was

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maintained in spite of our 'front trenches' army being 'filled' up to 80 per cent with Flemish soldiers, the French-speaking Belgians practically all occupying 'safe jobs' in the rear.

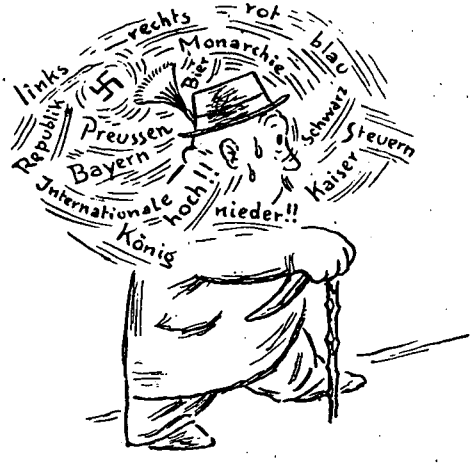
Because we only ask for our primary rights, Excellency, as enjoyed by all free peoples — that is, to be governed, drilled, judged, and educated in our own (Flemish) language, we are being blackmailed as 'unpatriotic'! We would be only too glad to coöperate to the prosperity and welfare of Belgium, but even the opportunity to do so is refused us, Excellency!

We are systematically belittled and blackmailed by the 'pro-French' newspapers of Brussels . . . which are pushing our country into the arms of France. A secret Franco-Belgian military treaty is the first step of this vassal policy, whereas the recently solved 'Cabinet Crisis' was provoked by those of our Flemish Representatives who refused to accept the proposed, one-sided Franco-Belgian economical treaty, which would have been so harmful to Belgium.

This whole political 'game,' Excellency, is 'inspired' by a financial 'group,' primarily fostering the interests of French industries!

*

THE GERMAN VOTER'S BRAINSTORM



STOLID BURGHER. Aw, I can't make head or tail of it. I'm going home.

— *Fliegende Blätter*, Berlin

MINOR NOTES

DOCTOR TRINIDAD DE TAVERA, Director of the National Library and Museum, attracted considerable attention by expressing in the course of a recent lecture at Manila University the opinion that the Lord's Prayer is one of the curses of the Philippines. He said the prayer taught the people to pray for their daily bread, and so encouraged them to trust to luck rather than to their brain and brawn. He also considered the coconut palm a curse because it tempted the owner to bask in idleness. He advised the people to seek an example, not in Solomon's ant, but in their diligent Chinese neighbors.

Let us not indulge in idle dreams. Let us admit that there is no such thing as a Filipino race. The Filipino race is a mixture of many races, predominant among which is the Chinese. The Chinaman is our brother. He has been with us for centuries, worked with us, struggled with us, suffered with us. He is in our blood. Why exclude him after all that he has done for us?

*

EUROPE'S SEVEN DICTATORSHIPS

DEMOCRACY, WHITHER BOUND?

— *El Socialista*, Madrid

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INTERNATIONALISM

BY CHRISTIAN L. LANGE

[*The author is Secretary of the Inter-Parliamentary Union and Norway's delegate to the League of Nations. The following article is the address he delivered, in accordance with the requirements of the Nobel Foundation, upon the receipt of one of its prizes.*]

From *La Revue de Genève, March*
(Swiss Political and Literary Monthly)

I shall discuss here internationalism, not pacifism. The latter term seems to me to overemphasize the negative aspect of the campaign against war; and antimilitarism would seem the better word to designate that movement. I do not reject pacifism or antimilitarism, but to my mind they have a special meaning. Pacifism denotes an ethical theory — I should take it to signify moral protest against violence. Usually a pacifist, particularly in these days, is an internationalist, and vice versa; but history affords examples of pacifists who had no conception of internationalism. Jesus was a pacifist, but his words, so far as they are known to us, indicate that internationalism was foreign to his thought, simply because He did not deal with political concepts. If we were to classify Him in the categories of our age, we should have to define Him as an antimilitarist and an anarchist-individualist.

Internationalism is a social and political conception that looks toward reorganizing human society and establishing a new basis of intercourse between nations.

Nationalism and internationalism seem to be opposed to each other, because they interpret differently the laws of human evolution. They are antagonistic in matters of everyday political policy. But upon profounder analysis they are seen to converge in a higher unity. Nationalism intelligently understood is a step toward internationalism, and internationalism is based, as its name indicates, upon the existence of nations. It seeks merely to limit them to more modest functions than aggressive nationalists claim. Jaurès said rightly: 'Superficial internationalism alienates a man from his country; profound internationalism leads him back to it.'

On the other hand, nationalism and cosmopolitanism are fundamentally antagonistic. Cosmopolitanism overlooks the differences between nations, while internationalism recognizes those differences as inevitable, and favors a high degree of national specialization.

Internationalism, like every social theory, must justify itself by economic utility. That is where we must seek the crucial justification of every social organism. Other formative forces may exist. There was a time when religious beliefs shaped social institutions. Certain intellectual currents help to mould our social forms, but only in a secondary and minor way. The factors that determine these forms to-day are division of labor, transportation, and intellectual intercourse.

Ethnography and history teach us that society has passed through successive stages of evolution determined primarily by economic conditions: the horde, whose members lived from day

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to day; the canton or city, where division of labor existed to a limited extent; the territorial state or empire, where division of labor and exchange of products existed on a larger scale. As soon as economic and technical evolution reach a certain point, new forces reshape society into political forms accommodated to this progress. Such political transformations always cause bitter conflicts. The past dies hard. The political rulers of the day seldom yield gracefully to the necessities of a new age. Poetical and religious sentiment entwine themselves around traditional institutions; emotional impulses oppose themselves to the practical and prosaic exigencies of the up-to-date.

In the bosom of every social group palpitate sentiments of solidarity, coöperation, spontaneous loyalty. These sentiments have a high ethical value. Oftentimes they are nourished by religion, which is usually a legendary and mystical expression of the group soul. War within the group is a crime; war against other groups is a sacred duty.

The world finds itself just now in a period of rapid transition. We are changing from a society organized by state units into a society organized on a world basis. Politically our epoch is still dominated by the principle of the territorial state; economically and technically we are already living in an age of international communication and world markets.

The territorial state is an ancient social form. It is a thousand years old in Europe. It is venerable in its antiquity and glorious in its traditions. We are conscious of a religious respect and devotion for the country of our ancestors. The modern territorial state would justify itself by this national sentiment. It fancies that this is its enduring spiritual principle. But historically national sentiment, patriotism, and even nationality itself are effects, and not causes, of the state. That was universally true of the states formed prior to the nineteenth century. Only in our own day have political boundaries in Europe been consciously drawn to accord with national sentiment. The peace treaties following the World War in several instances traced new frontiers in response to purely national considerations.

It is significant that this has happened just when we begin to realize that the territorial state no longer satisfies the economic and technical necessities of our age. That only proves the more clearly that we are passing through a period of transition. The nationalist movement has reached its apogee at the very moment when it ceases to be sufficient for the hour. Technical progress no longer recognizes economic frontiers. It has developed the machinery of transportation to a point where it has created a world market; that is to say, the world has already become one nation from the point of view of division of labor—a nation embracing every civilized state with a settled form of government, and even most of the so-called noncivilized peoples. This has produced an interdependence among nations that from the economic standpoint is the most striking feature of our age.

Hardly less characteristic is the intellectual interdependence resulting from modern facilities for exchanging ideas and information; from post offices, telegraphs and telephones, and a popular press. The simultaneous reaction produced throughout the world by reading newspapers containing identical dispatches is the mental rhythm of civilized mankind. People read the same news at the same time from San Francisco to Tokyo, and from Melbourne to Hammerfest. They react to

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it differently — most fortunately — but simultaneously.

Politics always trail behind social evolution. They are the rear guard of progress. Their mission is to devise governmental institutions accommodated to ideas that are already matured, that have become living realities in applied science, social economy, and intellectual life. Hjalmar Branting, the Socialist Premier of Sweden, defined excellently the mission of internationalism in a telegram to the Nobel Committee as 'the urge toward a higher form of world civilization.'

The Great War has shown how indispensable it is that this urge should carry us to its goal. That is a matter of life or death for contemporary civilization. Europe could not survive another war. But, if the territorial state remains the last word in social revolution, war is inevitable. The state, from the very nature of its being, asserts sovereignty — that is to say, the right to use its power without limit for its purely selfish ends. Fundamentally the state is anarchist. The right it claims — the theoretical, unlimited right — to make war on other states is antisocial, and this right is doubly dangerous, because the state, so far as it is controlled by the passions of the crowd, represents a low intellectual level. Psychology teaches us that the masses acting together have a distinctly lower level of intelligence and morality than the individuals who compose them.

That is why our hope for a better future depends on the success of 'the urge toward a higher form of world civilization.' Are we justified in anticipating that success? Ought we to believe that a good and generous will guides the destinies of people, and is leading us toward a higher stage of social evolution? In practice we involuntarily assume this. This appeals to the natural optimism of mankind. To the eyes of faith the Valley of the Shadow of Death is but a stage of the journey toward mountains of bliss beyond.

But if we pause here we merely hope. Hope is not certainty. History tells us that in the past high civilizations have perished. Who knows if the same fate is not reserved for our own?

Is there, then, a scientific basis for predicting with reasonable certainty the ultimate victory of internationalism? For thousands of years dreamers and thinkers have proclaimed the unity of mankind. Greek philosophers, notably the Stoics, formulated that theory. Primitive Christianity converted it into a moral and religious dogma that found expression in the doctrine: the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The same thought reappeared as a scientific theory in the works of many authors at the dawn of modern times — for instance, the German heretic, Sebastian Franck, the Spanish Jesuit Suarez, who was one of the founders of modern international law, and Amos Comenius, the last Bishop of the Moravian Brothers and the pioneer of modern pedagogy. Comenius even gave the theory a physiological interpretation. He wrote in his *Panergesia*, published in 1645: 'All individuals of our race form, so to speak, a single body, whose members are coherent.' This idea has persisted ever since. It dominated the better minds of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, from William Penn and Leibnitz to the Norwegian Wergeland and the American thinker Emerson. In our own times biology has supplied a scientific basis for this hypothesis. The unity of the human race is a biological fact. The researches of Weismann, upon the genus Medusa, in 1883, opened the way. Other scientists have proved that Weismann's law is equally

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applicable to other genera, including the human species, and that each of us is literally and physiologically a link in the long, unbroken chain that forms humanity.

No comparison is perfect, but I am accustomed to conceive the human race as a great, vigorous tree, with innumerable branches and twigs, to which the individuals are attached like leaves and flowers and fruit. They lead their individual and almost independent lives; they bud, germinate, change, grow old, die. The tree remains with its branches, boughs, and twigs, ceaselessly reproducing new leaves and flowers and fruit. Their life is brief and personal. Many leaves die and fall to the ground unperceived. Blossoms come that rejoice us with their perfume and their color; fruits mature that nourish and fortify. The leaves, the flowers, the fruit appear and vanish in countless numbers, but the tree persists intact. Thus humanity remains a single individual organism.

During the World War two scientists, belonging to the two opposing sides, developed the same doctrine and worked out in detail its scientific proof: Chalmers Mitchell in his *Evolution and the War*, and Professor C. F. Nicolaï in his *Biology of War*. Without stopping to discuss the applications of this fundamental principle that these authors made, I shall content myself with presenting only one of their conclusions: If the human race is a biological unit, then war, whether international or civil, is suicide. It is a debasement, a profanation of the human race.

Thus internationalism is supported even more conclusively by science than it is by sociological reasoning. Nor is it difficult to see whither this theory leads us. Its applications in the field of economics are evident. We have already suggested them. They lead directly to international solidarity, a division of labor embracing the whole globe. Free trade is one of the first doctrines they teach.

This thesis, furthermore, agrees with the most recent discoveries of natural science. We have learned that union, solidarity, and mutual aid are all important factors in the survival of species. Species that practise this virtue have more chance of survival in the struggle of existence than those whose individual members act separately. Wolves who live in troops survive better than lions who hunt alone. This truth has been developed and illustrated by numerous examples in Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid*, in which the author applies to sociology laws drawn from natural history.

Let me here develop a little further the effect of internationalism upon political institutions. It favors the growth of organic social forms, expressing the principles of solidarity and coöperation among people. To evolve such forms and apply them practically is the great political mission of our age. The past is intrenched behind state sovereignty, protective tariffs, militarism. It clings to the optical illusion that makes it seem that the individual citizen is happier if his government annexes new territories, if his country is entirely self-sufficing and does not depend on other countries for commodities and merchandise. Economic protectionism was first developed by the American, Alexander Hamilton, one of the authors of the Constitution of the United States, and later by the German, Friedrich List, who transplanted the doctrine from America, where he long resided, to Europe.

Intimately associated with national protectionism is militarism, which differs only by unappreciable shadings in different countries. A nation is more or less militarist according to the degree to which its foreign and domestic policy

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is shaped by strategic considerations. The classical example of a militarist government was the Prusso-German Empire, especially during the World War. At bottom, militarism is a mode of thinking, a way of conceiving the state and its functions, which expresses itself in armaments and in every detail, even the minutest, of a country's administrative organization.

Internationalism challenges this conception of the sovereign state with its accompaniments, protectionism and militarism. The sovereign state has become in our time a mortal danger for civilization, because the development of applied science has placed at its disposal new and more powerful instruments of destruction. Engineering, like fire, is a useful servant but a dangerous master; and it is the nature of militarism that the mechanism it creates eventually becomes the master of the people. The terrible armaments of a modern government are a source of constant danger for that government, as well as for its neighbors, and in the long run for civilization. When we look at the subject from this point of view we perceive the supreme importance of disarmament. It is more than a mere counsel of economy, to prevent unproductive expenditures. It goes deeper, to the very principle of civilization, and seeks to eliminate the temptation and the power to pursue arbitrary and anarchistic international policies.

If the state were wholly selfish, if it expressed itself only in economic protectionism and in militarism, then internationalism would win an easy victory. But the state is also founded on a principle of a spiritual order. It represents national individuality, a particular branch of the human race.

I said above that in most governments the nation springs from the state, and not the state from the nation. When it is argued that nations are anthropological units — purely racial groups — the answer can safely be a categorical denial. No state has ever been inhabited by a pure race in the anthropological definition of the term. Scientific research proves that in every country there are infinite crossings between different elements of the population. There is no such thing as a pure race. Let me add that anthropological criteria — the shape of the skull, the character of the hair, the coloration of the skin — are perfectly exact so far as they go; but we are totally ignorant of the spiritual and intellectual characteristics that accompany them. Yet nationality is nothing if it is not a spiritual phenomenon. Renan in his *Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un nation?* has defined nationality adequately and completely: 'A nation is a portion of the human race that wishes to be a nation. A nation exists by virtue of a daily plebiscite.' The first phrase seems to reason in a circle. It is none the less a strict definition and entirely adequate, for it emphasizes the will to be a nation in the spiritual sense. That is how we must conceive nationality, which has no function outside this spiritual field.

Internationalism does not seek to efface the spiritual aspects of nationality. Quite the contrary, it would develop national specialization and guarantee its continued action and free evolution. That is precisely where internationalism differs from cosmopolitanism. The latter would efface or suppress national individuality, even in the domain of intellect and morals. Internationalism, on the other hand, recognizes that all spiritual and intellectual activities have their roots deep in national life. It is from this life that art and literature draw their vigor and originality — as do also the humanities, like history and linguistics.

National evolution, in the spiritual

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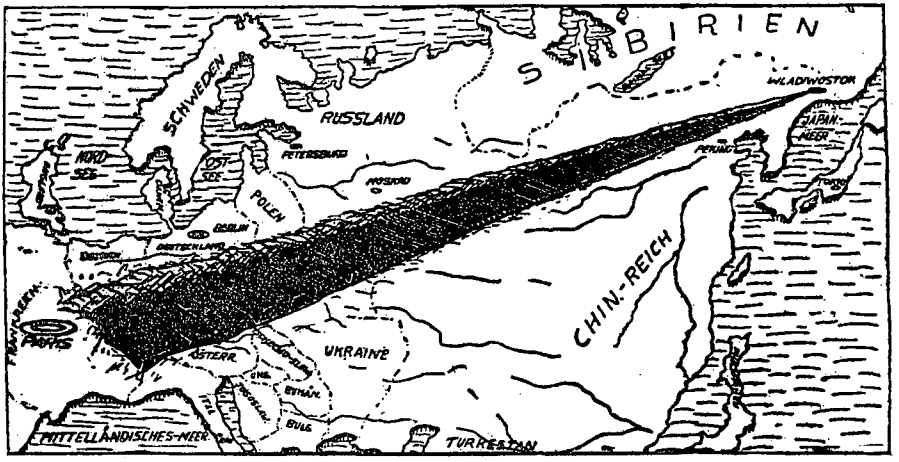
and intellectual sphere, and local specialization are perfectly reconcilable with internationalism. They are conditions essential for a rich and varied evolution of the race.

On the other hand, internationalism would place the political control of matters of general interest to mankind in the hands of a single authority. Therefore, a federation of the world, in which the different nations would form autonomous states, is its political ideal. Before the war a first step had been taken in that direction at The Hague; but the League of Nations represents the first conscious and serious advance toward that goal.

Internationalism, then, may be defined as follows: a social theory based on economic, spiritual, and biological facts. This theory affirms that the healthy development of society and of civilization requires the organization of the human race on an international basis. Nationalities should form the constituent elements of a great world-federation. They should be guaranteed the opportunity to live their own distinct spiritual and intellectual lives, and to control purely local functions, while political and economic questions should be dealt with by an agency of pacific coöperation, in the common interests of all mankind.



The coffins of the 11,000,000 men killed in the World War, placed side by side, would make a continuous platform from Paris to Vladivostok. (*German Socialist Political Cartoon*)

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WHAT THE WINNERS WANT

BY ÉDOUARD HERRIOT

[M. Herriot, Mayor of Lyon, and leader of the Radical and Radical-Socialist Party in the French Parliament, is known to many Americans. He has visited the United States and Soviet Russia, and advocates a resumption of relations between the Paris and Moscow Governments.]

From *Le Progrès Civique, April* 26
(PARIS RADICAL WEEKLY)

OUR General Party Congress in October last year and our smaller meeting in February this year drafted our platform. Its details are accessible to the public. I shall confine myself here to developing the general principles that this platform embodies, and, if the word is not too ambitious, the political philosophy from which it springs. But since my space is limited I shall do this in the briefest manner possible.

It is unnecessary to emphasize the aggressive side of our campaign — opposition to the National Bloc which, after winning the suffrage of the country by flamboyant professions of patriotism, has proved itself to be a purely reactionary and conservative aggregation.

The last Chamber did not conceal its desire to take a backward course. It nibbled away the law separating Church and State by restoring an embassy at the Vatican; it adopted the Bérard decrees, suppressing modern secondary instruction; it multiplied consumption taxes; it was consistently hostile to the rights of labor and particularly to the trades-unions. It ridiculed contemptuously any man who was loyal to the ideals we professed during the war, and who listened to the appeal of President Wilson, the only statesman who left a permanent imprint upon the events of that time. It denounced every public man who sought to organize the world upon a basis of universal peace, and who demanded that France should take the initiative in this enterprise. The National Bloc may have been Republican in name, but it never was so in spirit or at heart. It put us at the mercy of a kind of Directory — more cynical and crude than its revolutionary prototype. It led insensibly toward a *Consulat.* Our first task, therefore, is to defeat that Bloc at the polls.

We must also arouse our citizens to the vital importance of the Republican doctrines that the National Bloc, in its blind hatred, has tirelessly reviled. Above all, it has heaped calumny upon Radicalism. What is still worse, these reactionaries, by their incessant campaign in the press, have succeeded with the help of a few highly paid traitors in overawing many faint-hearted Democrats whose main concern is to be on the winning side.

The members of the Bloc have sought to discredit our party by stigmatizing its members as narrow fanatics — an absurd accusation in a country as emotional, generous, and truly devoted to liberty as our own. In truth, it is a strange paradox to bring this charge against men who are laboring to establish and preserve freedom of thought. We are non-clericals — laymen. What does that

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mean? Is our secularism a dogma, to be matched against other dogmas? Let me assure you it is nothing of the kind.

Quite apart from the fact that secularism is a historical characteristic of France, defended against popes and bishops by our Kings from Philippe le Bel to Louis XIV, — Mazarin refused to let the papal legate have a hand in the Treaty of Westphalia, — this doctrine to-day represents nothing more than strict neutrality in whatever relates to Government affairs and institutions. We intend to enforce secularism again in every department of the Government. We do not misconceive either liberty of conscience or liberty of worship; but sincere and honest secularism seems to us an indispensable prerequisite for national unity and fraternity.

So far I have discussed merely political externals. We must go further. I am strongly convinced, for my part, that the Radical Party, as soon as the realization of its political programme is assured, must go beyond that to a social programme. I have said before this that Radicalism must be social or nothing. People laughed at me. I stick to the statement.

A programme to improve the well-being of the lower and the middle classes, who form the bulk and the backbone of the nation, involves first of all a just system of taxation. Only a demagogue will dispute the necessity — above all, after a war such as we have fought — of heavy taxes. Let us have the courage to impose them. It will take courage to restore our public finances to health after the borrowing debauch of our last Cabinets.

The corner stone of all fiscal reform is the income tax. Bear in mind that it is the consistent and courageous use of this tax that has enabled Great Britain to keep her finances on a sound basis, and to make her money to-day the standard of the world. If financial sacrifices are necessary, we think they should be demanded of the propertied classes and not of consumers. A levy upon capital will be unjust until our income-tax collections are thoroughly reformed, especially in respect to intangible property. Unless that is done first, honest taxpayers will bear all the burden, and the big, fraudulent evaders will escape.

So the income tax is the keystone of any truly democratic system of taxation.

Furthermore, our financial policy cannot be considered as an isolated and independent thing. It is part and parcel of the general domestic and foreign policy of the Government. For example, no one will dispute the fact that a reduction of our military budget must depend upon the sincerity and success with which we follow a pacific policy in our relations with our neighbors. The collection of the money that Germany owes us, and the reduction of the debts we owe our Allies, depend upon the prudence, firmness, and good sense with which we deal with our neighbors. Someone has well said: 'Give me a good government policy and I will give you abundant revenues.'

No one will question that our ability to carry our fiscal burdens depends upon the amount we produce. What is more desirable than that France should raise enough wheat to feed her people? What more interesting and profitable task than to make our colonies great reservoirs of the raw materials our industries need, rather than recruiting stations for black troops and exercise grounds for showy military manœuvres? Every nation that wants to stay young must produce. The writer regards with more satisfaction than any other aspect of his own career what he has

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been able to contribute to the material prosperity of his country. For twenty years I have devoted myself personally to the problem of increasing our production — our rural production by promoting modern agricultural instruction, our economic and industrial production by establishing the Lyon Exposition. I can honestly say that I have practised what I preach when I declare in the name of my party that it stands for labor and production.

Right here is where a Democratic Radical differs from a reactionary economist. Our purpose is to make this production benefit everybody and not a few individuals. How? First of all, by lowering the cost of living. Private trusts and monopolies are a hundred times more detestable than State monopolies. The latter can and should be reformed; but the former — for example, the sugar trust — are draining our public revenue for the benefit of a few speculators.

Next we should assure every individual his legitimate share of the products that result from our collective effort. I cannot admit personally, even if I am not supported in this conviction by all my party associates, that the wage contract represents the final form of labor bargain. It is not just, it is not ethical, it is not sensible that a man who shares in the labor of production should have his profit limited to his strict personal needs. I should like to see every worker share in the profits of what he produces. I do not believe society will ever attain stability until this problem has been solved aright.

But our reason, our experience, and the lesson of history teach us that this progress will come not through a violent revolution but through slow organic development. Let me emphasize again — by a slow effort. We must not delude our poor and burdened people with false hopes. Russian Communism, which professed to be a panacea, has not done away with money or property or wages. The Russian peasant still considers himself the absolute master of his bit of soil. The Russian workingman still faces privation with a starvation wage. The formula for the future, in my opinion, is coöperative production. I am sorry that I have not room to expand this idea here, and to support it by convincing, concrete illustrations.

We must emphasize further that the first step toward emancipation in modern society is education. An ignorant man will always be a slave. Only an educated man can defend his rights and the rights of his family. That is why good schools are the foundation of all social reform. That is why we insist on secular state schools and promotion by merit — on equal educational opportunities for all.

A final word as to our foreign policy. Our party is committed to just Reparations. It would be an insult to right and justice for France to suffer alone the consequences of the crime committed by German imperialism. But when Reparations are settled, let us have peace. We want peace. We want peace with every nation. The highest mission of France in this twentieth century, which has been christened by a barbarous baptism of blood, is to throw her whole influence and strength into the scales in favor of international arbitration. And the best starting-point for that goal is the League of Nations.

I am stopping at the very threshold of my subject. In a word, the Radical Party is based upon the already venerable but never out-of-date doctrine of progress through reason. We realize that it is more seductive to allure men with some beautiful article of faith. It is easy to appeal to the populace with myths, to arouse them with emotional

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and religious passions. Men like to be carried away by sentiment rather than convinced by logic. They prefer an enchanting illusion to the severe and unadorned truth.

But after all, reason is what distinguishes us from the brutes, and we are rationalists. We place more trust in methods than in doctrines. The important thing in our eyes is not the goal, for that is constantly receding; the horizon is an appearance, not a reality.

The important thing is to start in the right direction, to march steadily forward toward more enlightenment and a higher ethical plane — an ethical plane that makes us labor for the welfare of the humble, and an enlightenment that teaches us thus to labor effectively and wisely. We do not demand of our followers strict conformity in every detail with our ideas. That would be dogma, religion. We leave a margin of latitude to liberty of opinion, to the critical spirit, for these are the leaven of all progress. What we do demand of our followers is loyalty to principles. I have now said the essential things. It would be another and far longer task to illustrate their detailed application to each of the practical problems that immediately confront us.

BEYOND–INDIA

BY AN ASIAN CORRESPONDENT

From the *Times*, *April* 28–29
(London Independent-Conservative Daily)

Those who know Malay tell you that Rangoon reminds them of Penang or Singapore, with Burmans substituted for Malays. Certainly it is not an Indian town, although half-naked, almost black, long-haired Madrasis outnumber all other elements in some of its quarters; and, for all that the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda dominates the port like a huge golden lighthouse, it is not Burmese in the sense that Mandalay is a Burmese city.

Its people are varied, as are their houses, ranging from the willow-pattern mansions of wealthy Chinamen to ultra-European business offices and flats, and the vehicles in which they drive — bullock carts and rickshas, the sedan chairs with venetian blinds mounted on four wheels that come from Calcutta, taxicabs and two-horsed carriages. You may see a pagoda, a church, a mosque, and a Hindu temple in five minutes' walk, and on the shop fronts and signboards are legends in English and in the graceful Arabic characters of Urdu, in Tamil and in the line-topped alphabets of Hindustan, in the Burmese circles and curlicues and in the strange and stately Chinese ideographs.

Rangoon is a gate that leads to the world that lies beyond Islam and Hinduism, the world of the Mongols, ancestor-worshipers, craftsmen, traders, rice-eaters, builders in wood rather than in stone, whose creeds are philosophies rather than religions — a

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world unlike ours, and yet nearer in some respects to it than those of which Benares and Damascus are typical cities.

At Mandalay you have left India behind. There is little that is Indian in its monasteries and in its fantastic palace of gold and dull crimson, with its strange thrones, Lily, Lion, and Peacock, and its magnificent columns of red teak. The Burmese kings roofed it with corrugated iron, but could not spoil its weird beauty. But what is most worth seeing in Mandalay is its population — clean, brightly dressed, easy-going folk who do not beg, and neither scowl at the foreigner nor cringe to him. You feel that in spite of the new Burmese Nationalism these people are at heart friendly to the European: rather sorry for you, perhaps, because you are a foreigner and a non-Buddhist, but quite ready to make allowances for you which the spiritually proud Indian will seldom do, and, if you have good points, to appreciate them.

But will these pleasant people remain happy and carefree as foreigners continue to pour into their country? The Burman is not a hard worker by nature. He can grow enough in a few months to keep him in food throughout the year. The omnipresent bamboo provides him with every sort of utensil and with all the simple furniture he needs; timber is cheap and abundant. He does not see why he should toil like the Indian peasant. Moreover, he loves excitement, detests routine, and is an inveterate and passionate gambler. His womenfolk — thrifty, attractive creatures — save him from being eaten out of house and home by the immigrants; every second shop in Mandalay seems to be managed by a cheerful Burmese lady, dressed in white bodice and brightly colored tight silk skirt, her black hair, decked with flowers or jewelry, wound so tightly round a semicircular comb on the crown of her head that at a little distance she seems to be wearing a round black hat. She is a polite and most persuasive saleswoman, whether she is vending expensive silks or cheap vegetables, and it is thanks to her that retail trade outside Rangoon is still largely in native hands.

But the 'big business' of Burma is controlled by foreigners. Europeans exploit most of the mines and the great forests of Upper Burma. Through Rangoon the Indians stream in, importing disreputable trades and disease as well as new industries and cheap labor. Last year 400,000 of them entered the port, most to harvest the rice crop, which could not be moved without Indian coolie labor, the rest to settle down as gardeners, petty traders, craftsmen, and what not all over the country. Much of the foreign and internal trade of the country is controlled by the Madrasis, and especially by the Chettiyars, a money-lending and banking caste, shrewd and hard-headed. Large areas of agricultural land have become their property or are mortgaged to these active money-makers, who have their agencies in the remotest parts of Upper Burma and

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the Shan States. Indian Moslems and Zarabaddis, and so forth, descendants of old-time Moslem settlers or prisoners of war in Burma who married Burmese wives, control much of the piece-goods trade. The Burman contractor who keeps no comprehensible accounts loses more and more contracts to the Indian.

The railways are full of Eurasian and Indian employees, because the Burman is frankly bored by punctuality and routine, and in the army the Burman soldier, though he is plucky enough, is being displaced by the vastly more trustworthy Chin, Shan, Kachin, and Karen, because he will gamble, will sell part of his kit to pay his gambling-debts, and will desert to avoid the disciplinary consequences of these lapses. 'A cheery agreeable creature, but, oh! how unreliable,' is the usual European summary of the male Burman. And the Indian and the European are not his only competitors. The Chinaman from Canton and the southern ports of the Republic is taking root in the country as a skilled laborer and as a trader. He generally settles down in Burma for good, often marries a Burmese girl, and is much in request as a husband on account of his domestic virtues. He would make an ideal citizen were it not for his passion for running gambling-clubs. The mixed Sino-Burman race promises well, and the religious bond between most of the Chinese and the natives makes the former less foreign than the Hindu or Moslem Indians, who are sometimes accused of taking Burmese wives and then repudiating them on the ground that they are subject to Hindu or Moslem marriage law and that these marriages, having been solemnized in accordance with Buddhist custom, are invalid.

Leaving the Indians and Europeans and the Zarabaddi community out of account, the Burmese are all Buddhists. The Karens are now largely Christians. Among the Shans the Buddhist veneer over the primitive animism of Indo-China is very thin, and it often disappears entirely among the hill tribes. But the Buddhism even of Lower Burma is lax. It is superimposed on the worship of the nats, supernatural beings of every grade from angel to hobgoblin, which is dear to the heart of the Burman peasant and furnishes him with abundant opportunities for merrymaking. Nats require frequent propitiation by sacrifice, and their worshipers do not apparently give some of them credit for much intelligence, for the worst morsels are reserved for these genii while sacrificers feast upon the best. Mortal women are at times wedded to nats who might otherwise be troublesome, and the writer has heard an amusing account of the marriage of an elderly dame, quite too old and infirm even to wash clothes, to a supposedly malignant nat who was reported to dwell in a tree in a British official's garden and of the noisy jollifications that followed.

The more progressive members of the Burmese Buddhist Church do not approve of nat-worship. But on this and many other subjects there is not much unity, and though the *Thathana Baing*, the Vicar-General of the Church, who resides at Mandalay, is much respected, his age and quietistic temperament are said to prevent him from imposing that discipline upon the monks which recent political developments have made necessary. At present the *Hpungyis*, or Buddhist monks, from the postulant to the *Saya* or Abbot of *Hpungyi-kyaung*, are mostly Nationalists, and often more violent Nationalists than the laity. This is due to the fact that since the final conquest of Burma by the Indian Empire the monks, who previously had the monop-

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oly of education, whether religious or secular, have had to face the victorious competition of the secular Government schools. In former days nearly every Burman boy in all but the most out-of-the-way districts spent several months at least at a Hpungyi-kyaung learning the three R's and the principles of religion. Nowadays most parents only send their children to a monastic school for a few days, unless they are destined to the religious life. Hence the monks' dissatisfaction with a régime which, in spite of the great respect still paid them by the majority of the population, is steadily undermining their temporal and spiritual influence.

This dissatisfaction on the part of the monks was one of the chief causes for the movement for the boycott of Government schools. The University Act, the ostensible cause for the boycott, has been amended after full discussion with its chief opponents, and the Government now recognizes and subsidizes a number of national — that is, purely Burmese — schools, which are, however, certain to suffer from the lack of competent teachers, which has already caused the failure of many 'National' schools in India.

The yellow robe of the Hpungyi does not always cover a virtuous monk, but its wearers are usually well-meaning people, who suffer from a narrow education and the national lack of energy. After all, a Hpungyi is not compelled to preach or teach. Provided that he observes continence, poverty, humility, and the rest of the Buddhist virtues, he is entitled to lead a vegetative life sustained by the gifts and alms of the faithful, for whom he does nothing. But reform of the Burmese Church must come from within; in the present temper of the shaven men in the yellow robes any foreign interference would be fiercely resented. Their petulance is shown by their recent insistence on a rule that all foreigners visiting a pagoda must enter it barefoot, which was never enforced in the past. The dirtiness of the pagodas and the alarming prevalence of certain diseases in Burma deter most non-Buddhists from visiting these temples, even the Shwe Dagon. Recently the Crown Prince of Siam, who wished to enter this pagoda, was bidden to remove his military boots before he did so, whereat His Royal Highness departed, remarking that he was as good a Buddhist as those who gave this order, and that no such rule was enforced in so Buddhist a land as Siam — an incident which suggests that antiforeign prejudice rather than religious intolerance explained the attitude of the temple guardians.

Burma was deliberately excluded from the operation of the Indian Reform Act of 1919 because it was felt that the province differed so markedly from the other provinces of the Indian Empire that its requirements must be separately considered. A special Burma Reforms Committee, which sat during a period of considerable political agitation, recommended in 1922 that the essential provisions of the Act should be applied to Burma. This was done, but the Constitution of the province differs in certain respects from that of the Indian provinces.

In the first place, owing to the much greater diffusion of elementary education, the electorate is proportionately much larger than in India. Furthermore, owing to the high social status of women in Burma, women possessing the same qualifications as men have been given the full franchise, and many have availed themselves thereof.

While feeling against the Indian immigrant is growing in many parts of Burma, Indian immigration is less resented than Indian economic domina-

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tion. There are at present about 650,000 Indian residents in Burma, with a large, if fluctuating, number of temporary laborers, who probably bring up the total number of Indians in the country to over a million. This is a large proportion in a population of about 13,500,000 souls, of whom fewer than 8,000,000 are Burmans, the balance being composed in numerical order of Shans, Karens, Arakanese, Talaings, Chins, Kachins, Chinese, and Europeans, with some small and primitive aboriginal tribes.

It is a very mixed population, and the civilization of different districts and elements varies enormously in degree. The Burmans and Burmanized elements, and many Shans, are as civilized as most Indian communities; the 'Red Karen' is a forest hunter; the Chin and Kachin are wild, virile hillmen, primitive by comparison with the plain-dwellers; the Wa is a head-hunting savage. Still, the wide diffusion of Buddhism and of Burmese culture and customs through a great part of the country makes for union between the true Burman and these more or less kindred Mongolian peoples.

The Indian, on the other hand, physically unlike the Mongol, professing Islam or Hinduism, and far more exclusive, owing to caste prejudice, than the very cosmopolitan Burman, cannot be assimilated, and some thoughtful Burmans contend that the present alliance between the Burmese Nationalist parties and the Indian Swarajist-Nationalist bloc is harmful to the best interests of the Burman nation. Some of them employ the same argument in support of this contention as do the anti-Indian South Africans — namely, that the Indian represents an unassimilable alien civilization, necessarily inimical to that of the non-Hindu and non-Islamic country into which he immigrates.

So far, however, the leaders of the Burmese Nationalist parties have been unwilling to raise the question of the limitation of Indian immigration or of the political separation of Burma from the Indian Empire. The Indian Nationalist naturally stands for the maintenance of the political and administrative connection between India and Burma and for the free entry of Indian immigrants into the province. However, the *mot d'ordre* among the Nationalists is 'maintain the alliance,' and so, in spite of some grumbling, Burma follows Swarajist India obediently, but with slow and halting steps.

Speaking generally, Burma is nearly a generation behind India politically; a large part of the native population does not take politics very seriously. But Nationalism has a future in Burma. A common religion overlying a common animism, a national Church, the absence of caste distinctions, and a checkered but not inglorious history, make the Burmans more of a nation than any Indian community, even than the Bengalis. But they lack experience if they abound in self-confidence, and their Nationalists are divided into two mutually hostile sections. These are the 'Twenty-one Party,' that section of the General Council of Burmese Associations which decided to enter the Reformed Council in order to force the pace of the Home Rule movement, and the *Hlaing Pu Gyaw*, or non-coöperators, who demand immediate Dominion status and are at war with all other parties.

The Twenty-one Party Nationalists are the strongest elected party, having some forty members in the Council of 104. Their representatives are nearly all Burmans.

On the opposite side of the House sit the Progressives, sometimes nearly thirty strong, a somewhat incalculable but usually pro-Government party

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composed of Burmans, Indians, Eurasians, Chinese, and Europeans, who are pledged to coöperate with the Government to make the Reforms a success in order eventually to obtain self-government within the Empire.

It was fortunate that before the outbreak of Nationalist agitation in 1919 measures had been taken to strengthen the position and to improve the prestige of the village headmen, who, with the usually British Collector, are the pillars of our administration in Burma. Nowadays all headmen have limited magisterial powers, and a considerable number of them have been given limited powers of civil jurisdiction. They have generally held their own against the Nationalist campaign, which was often violently defamatory and subversive, and at present political agitation is less bitter than was the case two years ago. Even then racial hatred was never nearly as pronounced as it was in India when Mr. Gandhi's campaign was at its height.

One of the principal Burmese grievances to-day is that the province has been starved, especially educationally, by India for many years past. Burma, though potentially richer than any Indian province, has started on her new career with a heavy handicap in respect to education, roads, railways, and public works generally. She has many urgent needs, and many years must elapse before she can recover from the undeserved neglect to which she was subjected in the past.

AMONG BELIEVERS AND ATHEISTS

BY ALBERT ENGSTRÖM

[*The following article and the accompanying sketches are by the author of 'In the Abysses of Moscow,' published in the* Living Age *of April 26.*]

From *Berlingske Tidende, March 23*
(Copenhagen Conservative Daily)

Between the two passages which lead from the Voskresenskaia Square in Moscow to the Red Square — of horrible memory — is situated a little chapel, externally insignificant but internally hallowed, the Chapel of the Iberian Madonna, perhaps the most sacred spot in Russia. Here the Tsar himself was required by inexorable custom to stop and hear a Te Deum before he entered the walls of the Kremlin.

Never shall I forget my first visit to this chapel, and the vivid impression I received there of the Russian national character. Beggars stood, sat, and lay on the double flight of steps and the little platform that lead to the entrance. I made my way past their outstretched hands into the chapel. As I did so I noticed an elegant automobile standing outside and a man in a costly fur coat giving orders to the chauffeur. When I entered, an atmos-

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phere heavy with the odors of wax candles and incense met me. Through the dimness I could discern pictures of saints, gleaming in the yellow light, and a throng of people of all sorts, peasants, workingmen, women, and mendicants. Two priests read and chanted before the icons. They raised their crosses and sacred books toward the believers, who kissed them with audible, wet smacks, and then kissed the hands of the priests. I saw one man

'Who kissed them with audible, wet smacks'

with a horrible rash all over his face suck fast to the hand of a priest and then whisper something in his ear. The priest whispered some reply and, after making the sign of the cross over the worshiper's head, kissed his inflamed, repulsive cheek.

Just then the elegant gentleman from the automobile entered. He also whispered to the priest, who whispered in reply. Thereupon the elegant gentleman knelt and struck his forehead against the floor so abruptly that he almost knocked me over trying to prostrate himself at full length. Then he rose and kissed the proffered cross.

I observed his face closely. He looked like any cultivated gentleman. His hair had been freshly cut, his necktie was the latest pattern, his overcoat was marvelous, his trousers were pressed to a knife edge, and though the perfumery he used did not appeal to me personally, it would be recognized everywhere as the moment's vogue in the better grade of society. On his way out he stopped before a big lamp, dipped his fingertips in holy water, and moistened his temples and forehead with the dirty liquid. Hundreds of fingertips had been dipped there before his. He took the little silver spoon which, on account of thieves, was chained to the oil bowl, filled it with oil, emptied it into the lamp, crossed himself, bowed, and then went out to the waiting automobile.

I wondered for what acts of rascality he sought forgiveness; or perhaps he prayed for Holy Russia and her future? Russians of the old school consider her situation desperate. But most of all I was amazed at the unsanitariness of all this kissing of saintly images and hands — and, for that matter, at all the kissing that goes on in Russia. I did not waste time reflecting on the attempt of the Bolsheviki to abolish religion. *It cannot be done.* Here, as everywhere else in the world, religion is changing; indeed, it would not survive if it did not develop. But this evolution, these changes, obey laws about which we know ridiculously little.

Sitting on a bench by the Kremlin walls, along the entire length of which revolutionary heroes repose in graves decorated with saintly images, I wondered whether in his time Ivan the Terrible would have permitted such things, or whether he would have tolerated any kind of revolution. To the extreme right I could study the fantastic church of Vassili Blazhenny, the eyes of whose builder Ivan had put out to prevent him from ever again designing its equal. The spot where the mutilation took place lay directly in

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front of me; presumably it has been marked as a warning. Endless historical memories and horrors are associated with the place. Here gallows stood; here pyres were lighted; here men were scalded; here strips of skin were cut from their backs; here blood has flowed in torrents, and tortures without number have been inflicted.

As I pondered on this, I was reminded of the most apt and condensed characterization of a race that literature offers, as far as I know. It is Runeberg's lines on General Kulnev, in which he describes the whole Russian people and its Asiatic wildness: —

> He kissed and he killed
> With the same glow of the soul.

That is art and understanding. Highly intelligent Russians have the same opinion.

Along the paths between the graves moved a cross section of the Russian nation. I saw old starving gentlemen dozing on the benches. Priests strode past; most of them repulsive and fat, others repulsive and thin, wearing ragged cassocks. Seldom have I seen an attractive, dignified priest in Russia. But perhaps I should not judge by externals. Yet — perhaps their shocking ignorance is reflected in their looks. And just now Russia needs intelligent priests.

An old woman stood staring at a grave. A fat priest sauntered by. She stepped up to him and made some remark. He did not pause in his walk, but in passing he made the sign of the cross before her face. She bowed humbly before this fat parasite — though he could hardly be very well off now, since he had lost his stipend from the State. Yet he must have some source of income, for he looked fat and comfortable.

Here and there on the walls were posted copies of the Communists' antireligious periodical, whose title,

'She bowed humbly before this fat parasite'

translated, is *The Godless One.* It is illustrated, and its pictures and crude text are designed to make the conception of God ridiculous. The drawings are quite good, by modern artists, but the text is beneath all criticism. It lacks wit and is an awkward attempt to influence the popular mind by means of blunt expressions. One of these efforts, as translated by a Russian friend, read as follows: —

COMRADE!

You boast: 'I am a grown man and I do not believe the lies of the priests; I do not recognize God.'

To talk that way is excellent, but have you crossexamined yourself carefully? Are there not pictures of the saints in your room? Don't you allow priests to read prayers in your home? Don't you intend to have your Easter bread blessed?

Have you persuaded your wife to abandon the silliness of the priests? Do your children grow up in freedom and courage? Or do you allow your mother-in-law, or some other aged female relative, — these living corpses! — to poison their childish imaginations with crude, ghostly fancies?

Comrade! You cannot justify yourself with words. You must put life into your opinions — above all, in your own family. Then help others do the same!

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The Atheist at the Machine

M. K. R. R. P.
(Moscow Section of the Communist Party)

This poster is printed in black. Another is printed in colors and ridicules the three other religions observed in Russia — the Roman Catholic, the Mohammedan, and the Jewish. When I tried to buy copies of *The Godless One* at a newsstand I was asked if I wanted to take them outside of Russia. When I said I wished to present them for preservation to a Swedish library, a young woman in the shop crossed herself.

The same evening I dined at a Russian home, and the servant to whom I handed the bundle of papers refused to touch them. I should add, however, that I visited other Russian homes where the matter was regarded less seriously, although the servants as a rule looked uncomfortable when I asked them to get me papers of that kind.

Through a young Russian lady I learned there was a possibility that I might be allowed to draw Trotskii's picture. This was because I had come to Russia not as a politician but as an artist and writer — in other words, as a plain human being. Through others I learned that he had consented to receive me, but there was delay. I knew, of course, that he was very busy, that his time was much occupied; but I also knew that he had acquaintances in Sweden since the time he lived there, and that consequently it might interest him to talk to me.

I began to think he had forgotten all about his promise; but one fine day I received a telephone message that he could receive me on a given date, when I was to be at my lodgings at an appointed hour. Promptly at the moment set a Soviet automobile with two gentlemen from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs came for me. They put me down at the Army Commissariat, where I passed a number of guards before I was ushered by a young officer into the room where I was told Trotskii was. He certainly was well guarded. Outside the many doors stood young soldiers fully armed.

'Outside the many doors stood young soldiers fully armed'

Remarkably enough, I was not asked for any papers. I passed the guards on the strength of my looks — or perhaps they knew who I was.

A comical incident happened in the room which I had been told was Trotskii's study. I had, of course, seen many pictures of Trotskii, and felt sure that the man who now rose from a desk and bade me welcome could not possibly be the distinguished Commissar. He was too young and I told him so. To be sure, I had only limited confidence in the European caricatures of Trotskii, but some resemblance there ought to have been. The young man smiled and told me he was Trotskii's adjutant. This officer was the last and the most formidable barrier I had to pass. A few minutes later there was a signal,

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'He was Trotskii's adjutant'

whereupon the door flew open to the last and innermost room, and I stood before the mightiest man in Russia at that time, and perhaps even now.

I received a most favorable impression of Trotskii as he advanced to meet me and shook my hand. He explained that he was very busy and that he hoped it would not take too long to draw his picture. I had hardly had time to answer that it would be quickly done, before the adjutant entered with a dispatch which Trotskii had to read.

'Well, where do you want me to sit?'

'Wherever suits you. Here, for instance' — I pointed to a table near one of the windows. Russian rooms are dark as a rule, and little suited for work like mine. He had hardly sat down before another dispatch arrived, then another, and a third.

'It 's no use,' said Trotskii. 'Will you allow me to read while you draw?'

'Of course.'

A face like his is easy to draw, not on account of its Oriental caste, but on account of the vitality and energy expressed in every line.

His strength and virility impressed me. The latter especially appealed to me. His eyes are alight with intelligence and — though Europe may give a start at these words — I could also discover kindness in his look.

I could not refrain from remarking — we conversed in German — that I was surprised that in all pictures I had seen outside of Russia he was represented as a devil.

'Well,' he replied, and looked me in the eye with a smile that was intended to be self-ironical, 'I really have no objection to being pictured as the Devil. *Weil wir haben ja alle unsere Schwächen* (We all have our weaknesses).'

There was a gap between the dispatches and we chatted. He wanted to know what I had seen in the way of art and museums in Russia. I told him and he answered politely that I had seen more of Russian art than he. He had been abroad so many years — for evident reasons — and he knew more of French and Swedish art than of Russian. And now he had so little time. . . .

That I could understand.

We talked about mutual acquaintances and about books we had both read — and then the dispatches began

'Will you allow me to read while you draw?'

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to arrive again and I rose to say farewell.

'Let me see what you have drawn. Well, yes — perhaps. But before you leave let me show the picture to my comrades.'

He took my sketchbook and disappeared into the War Ministry. When he returned a few minutes later he said his colleagues had assured him that it was the only good likeness of him they had ever seen.

'And now, how long will you stay in Russia?'

'Until I have drawn everything I can get at.'

He signed the drawing I had made. 'If you get into trouble and need help, address yourself directly to me.'

His handclasp was that of a man, and I shall always remember our meeting with pleasure. It never was necessary for me to ask his aid, but it seemed to me as if all Russia stood open for me after that. I was allowed to see everything I wished and I received full information wherever I went.

THE ELEPHANT ORDER OF SIAM

BY KURT KÜCHLER

[*The author is a popular and prolific German fiction-writer.*]

From *Neue Freie Presse, February 28*
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

MANY years ago I chanced to be at Blida, a wonderful place some thirty miles southeast of Algiers, hemmed in on one side by the roaring chasm of Chiffa, and on the other by the rugged and precipitous foothills of the mighty Atlas Range. I dined every Sunday in the fine Moorish dining-room of the Grand Hôtel d'Afrique in company with my host, the German Consul, with a former Spanish ambassador, Don Fernando Paranostro, and with his two young friends, an Italian painter, Pietro Crimini, and a French lieutenant, Armand Cassier, both of whom were frequent visitors at the Consul's house. The ex-ambassador always sat at the head of the table. He was an aristocratic and impressive-looking man with a long, thin, snow-white, carefully groomed beard, and invariably wore three rows of sparkling orders that almost covered the front of his black dress-coat. These included decorations from nearly every emperor and king in the world, for there was scarcely a country on the globe where His Excellency had not represented, full worthily and well, his sovereign, the King of Spain. Indeed the good gentleman was very proud of these evidences of distinguished service. If a person ventured even the most innocent smile at seeing them, he was promptly brought to book by a flashing glance from the diplomat's black eyes.

One Sunday, toward the end of dinner, the Consul inquired guilelessly: 'Has your Excellency read that His Majesty the King of Siam is about to

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celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his reign?'

His Excellency looked up with obvious interest. 'The King of Siam?'

The Consul continued with a quiet smile and the barest hint of irony: 'As I do not discover the famous Elephant Order among your many Oriental decorations, I assume, sir, that you never were at that sovereign's court.'

Don Fernando's brow flushed scarlet.

'No,' he answered, obviously irritated, 'I never had the pleasure,' and taking a parting sip of fiery dark-red Algiers wine from his large, richly cut glass, he rose silently from the table, bowed courteously, and left the room more abruptly than usual.

A few days later I entered the little shop of the Arab Hassan Ali to buy a ring that I saw in his show window. It was of silver filigree, set with a marvelously blue oval turquoise as clear and deep as the Mediterranean sky. Don Fernando was standing in front of the counter, bowed over, inspecting a little gold elephant that he held in his slender, scrupulously manicured hand. He looked up, greeted me with a courteous smile, and then resumed his inspection of the beautifully modeled gold animal. At length he inquired: 'How much?'

'Eight hundred francs, Monsieur l' Ambassadeur,' replied the Arab without moving a muscle.

Señor Fernando Paranostro lifted his eyes slowly.

'Good,' he answered calmly, setting the gold elephant on the counter. 'Pack it carefully.'

I was not surprised that His Excellency had refused to haggle. Could a Spanish ex-Minister who had consorted familiarly with emperors and kings demean himself to haggle with a greedy Arab trader? But I myself could not indulge in the luxury of so much dignity. Hassan Ali asked me fifty francs for the ring, and I finally bought it for twenty.

When I left the shop I noticed His Excellency standing in front of the show window, looking at a handsome ivory elephant displayed on a black-velvet cushion.

'That, too, might do,' he muttered to himself.

I jokingly observed that His Excellency must have a hobby for elephants. He did not answer for a moment, then smiled and said unaffectedly: 'This little golden elephant I shall send as a present to the old King of Siam. It seems to me quite becoming for a veteran diplomat of Spain thus to pay his respects to the sovereign of a country, even a small country, who is celebrating so unusual an anniversary.'

And turning on his heel with a polite bow he walked away. I gazed after him with an involuntary smile. In truth, His Excellency seemed really interested in the Elephant Order of Siam!

That evening when I chanced to meet the painter Crimini and Lieutenant Cassier on the promenade, I related the incident. Cassier laughed heartily and exclaimed: 'A wager! I bet you he'll hang the Elephant Order from the King of Siam, if he really gets it, next to the English Order of the Garter. That would be the only suitable place.'

Several weeks passed. One Sunday, as I was standing alone with Don Fernando, after dinner, a glance at his decorations prompted me to inquire: 'Has your Excellency heard from Siam yet?'

He shot a sidewise look at me with his big, dark eyes — I thought a little suspiciously — and after a moment's pause answered with a smile, in which I fancied I could detect a trace of self-ridicule: 'Have n't you seen in the papers, my young friend, that the old King of Siam died of heart-failure, and his twenty-year-old son has been made

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his successor? I could hardly expect an answer under those circumstances.'

That evening I repeated our conversation to the painter Crimini and Lieutenant Cassier.

'Too bad!' exclaimed the Lieutenant with a laugh. 'It would have been awfully jolly if our worthy friend —'

He interrupted himself and stared for a moment into vacancy with lifted brows and open mouth, as he always did when a bright thought struck him. 'Gentlemen,' he added, 'I have an idea. I know that our old Fernando, *parole d'honneur*, will soon get —' Here he laughed again and seized the painter by the arm, saying: 'Come on, *cher ami*, you've got to help me.'

Without further explanation he led his friend away.

Three days later the two young fellows turned up at the Consul's house.

'*Parbleu*,' cried Lieutenant Cassier, 'we've got it, the Elephant Order of the King of Siam!'

'The order for His Excellency?' I gasped in astonishment.

He triumphantly held up a tiny elephant carved from dull white ivory, attached to a silver cord. In his voluble Provençal he described how he had found this imitation of the Siamese decoration in a little bazaar where he knew there were some copies to be had, made several years before, when the old King of Siam spent a winter in this city.

'*Voilà!*' he shouted laughing, dangling the order in front of my nose. 'I got the last one they had!'

While he was speaking, the painter Crimini had spread out on the table a great sheet of paper covered with outlandish bright-colored flourishes and red hieroglyphics. Beneath the writing was an immense round scarlet seal adorned with Oriental arabesques, from which narrow ribbons of heavy, brilliantly colored Indian silk fell almost to the floor.

'A masterpiece of our Crimini,' shouted the Lieutenant joyously. 'It is the document that is to accompany the Elephant Order of the King of Siam.'

Then he related breathlessly how they had found in the Academy of Languages of Algiers a young German who knew Siamese and had written the document for them. It purported to be from the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Siam and to state that the new sovereign, in accordance with the last wishes of the dying King, desired to confer upon Don Fernando the Order of the Elephant in recognition of the jubilee gift just received.

'And we've found here, in Algiers,' Cassier concluded with a look of triumph, 'two Simon-pure young Siamese who are going to dress up in their national garb and formally present the document to our honored friend.'

'You humbugs,' I said laughing.

'It will be a bully joke,' insisted Lieutenant Cassier.

And in fact the next Sunday His Excellency took his usual place at the head of the dinner table at the Grand Hôtel d'Afrique, with the ivory Elephant Order hanging from a slender silver thread around his neck. In reply to our congratulations he said with a slight, condescending smile: 'I have decided, gentlemen, to present my thanks personally to the young King of Siam. I'm leaving to-morrow on the Kronprinzessin of the North German Lloyd for India.'

I was thunderstruck. The painter turned pale. Lieutenant Cassier knit his brows, pursed his lips, and had difficulty in controlling his voice when His Excellency, immediately after dinner, begged him to read a translation of the document, which he had had prepared by a young German philologist in Algiers who knew Siamese, and who had turned the royal message into French and Spanish.

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After dinner we three held a council of war to decide how to keep His Excellency from carrying out his unhappy project of going to Siam. I told Lieutenant Cassier, who lay curled up in misery on a sofa: 'You've got to explain it to him. You're the one who did it.'

'It may cost me my commission,' he groaned.

'Of course!' I said. 'Just like a Frenchman! You talk big, but when it comes —'

He sprang up like lightning, looked at me with flashing eyes, and fairly hissed through his teeth: 'Good. I'll do it. I'll explain it to him,' and rushed out. Half an hour later he came back. His countenance resembled a thundercloud.

'He's gone already. Took a motor-car to Algiers. The steamer leaves at six o'clock to-night. I have sent him an urgent telegram not to go — that there will be full explanations later.'

The next day the telegram came back with the stamp: 'Addressee not on board.' It then occurred to me that I had heard the Consul say that His Excellency, for some private reason, never traveled under his own name.

We resigned ourselves to fate, but our uneasy consciences continued to torment us. On the sixth day I received a letter from Naples. It was from His Excellency, saying that he had decided to interrupt his journey and return to Spain; that he had received news on board the steamer to the effect that a palace revolution had broken out in Siam, and that the young king was a fugitive.

We all breathed sighs of relief, only too happy to think that we had been saved the pain of an explanation. For we felt certain that during the rest of his life Don Fernando Paranostro would pride himself above all things on having among his numerous decorations the famous Elephant Order of the King of Siam.

AN OLD LADY READING

BY N. STALLIBRASS

[*Spectator*]

EARTH is predominant, clay vessel emptied,
Hollow and void of all but memories,
Gone — gone — the eternal soul of laughter,
The loveliness, the hopefulness, the pain,
Nothingness unto nothingness returned —
That 's her body — that sits here waiting, shaking,
Evening shadow of a wind-tossed tree;
As a shade set free at dawn — so shall she be
Soaked in a deluge of untarnished light,
When the blind page drops, at last —
And the blank eyes shut.

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EYES AND THEIR FUTURE

BY E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, March 29*
(London Liberal Weekly)

The origin of the faculty of vision is hidden in the depths of geological antiquity. The creature which first developed a sense organ for receiving the rapid ether-waves of light cannot now be traced. Its last remains have been destroyed in the vast churnings and boilings of the earth's crust which preceded the Cambrian epoch. The Cambrian rocks themselves are full of fossils, mostly of that cross between a king crab and a wood louse which we call a trilobite. And the trilobites were endowed with eyes of great complexity, consisting of thousands of lenses, which must have taken millions of years to develop from more rudimentary organs.

We do know that green plants are sensitive to light, but their 'vision' cannot in any case exceed the general impression of luminosity which we have in a thick fog.

The animal world acquired vision in order the better to seek its prey, or to escape from its enemies. It was no doubt the latter purpose which was served by that lost 'third eye,' the pineal eye in the top of the head, the remains of which are conspicuous in the chameleon, and are faintly discernible even in man.

The eye of man is a composite organ of a fourfold complexity. It has some one hundred million separate receivers, some of which are adapted to vision in semidarkness, while the rest are specialized to perceive the three primary colors in a good light. The former are the 'rods' of the retina, minute cylinders or piles of discs clothed in a purple pigment which becomes yellow and finally white under the action of light, and has to be renewed before vision can continue. The color-sensitive elements or 'cones' are chiefly concentrated in the 'yellow spot' of the retina, which we instinctively use for clearest vision.

It is only recently that the peculiarities of 'rod-vision' have been fully elucidated. Astronomers have been practising 'averted vision' for some time, and have found that a faint star is more clearly discerned when it is not gazed at directly, for in the latter case its image is received on the cones covering the yellow spot, and these are often insufficiently sensitive. Ghosts, will-o'-the-wisps, fleeting visions in darkened rooms, and the so-called 'N-rays' are now all classed as phenomena of rod-vision. Had the sun lost most of its light, or had man become an exclusively night-hunting animal since his appearance on earth, his optical equipment would no doubt by this time show nothing but rods on his retina.

Instead, man has evolved into a being with a quick and keen perception of color and a fine distinction of detail at a comparatively short range. His constant occupation with close-range work tends to make him nearsighted, a modification which is an adaptation rather than a defect.

The human eye is not a perfect instrument. As a telescope, a microscope, or a camera obscura, it has de-

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fects such as a good instrument-maker would not tolerate, but as a combination of all three it is unsurpassed. In the course of its age-long evolution it has adapted itself to sunlight to an extent which we have only in recent years been able to appreciate. It is most sensitive to the greenish-yellow rays of sunlight — which, qualitatively, is the same as daylight — and its rod-vision is well adapted to starlight and moonlight, though the latter is equivalent to the light of but a single candle ten feet away.

Yet this wonderful human sense-organ is in many respects inferior to similar organs possessed by animals. We acknowledge this every time we talk of a man possessing the 'vision of a hawk.' It is the brain behind the eye, and more particularly the visual area of the cerebral cortex at the back of the head, which confers upon man his superiority. It is when visions

> Flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude

that the sense of sight becomes of paramount importance. The human eye, aided by the human brain, sees countless details of beauty and utility where a less endowed organ perceives but a barren waste of meaningless light and shade. It has been said with some truth that 'the human brain is the work of the human hand' in the sense that man's freely moving hand maps out space-relations and brings about that coördination between sight and touch which builds up a micro-cosmic replica of the external world in which the brain may exercise its functions.

The brain, thus educated, is enabled to widen the scope and range of its faithful organs of sense. From palæolithic times onward, pictorial art has created symbolic representations of fleeting events destined to render the sight of them permanent and unforgettable. The microscope has enabled the observer to convert himself, whenever he chooses, into a *homunculus* several thousand times smaller than himself, and to live for a time in an appalling world of strange and swarming life. The telescope in its most advanced form collects as much of the light of a star into a single eye as falls upon the pupils of the whole population of Manchester. It brings the moon within the distance which separates Ireland from Wales, and enlarges it to an extent more than sufficient to make it fill the whole sky.

These are the commonplaces of human achievement. More recent days have added greater and more wonderful resources. The cinematograph has done for time what the telescope did for space. Its latest development acts, indeed, like a time-microscope, which enables us to draw out rapid movements so as to examine them at leisure. And, quite apart from these visible things, we have begun to attack things invisible and bring them within our range of vision. Roentgen rays, aided by fluorescent screens, reveal the secrets normally hidden behind human flesh and skin. The selenium cell and the optophone render visual effects accessible even to those who are deprived of the sense of sight. The bolometer, the thermopile, and the photographic plate open up entire realms of radiation whose very existence was unsuspected a couple of generations ago.

Where will it all end? Whither are we tending? Are there any worlds left to conquer?

The last question will probably raise a smile on the faces of the next generation. Look at our present limitations! A harmless fog disorganizes our shipping, our railway traffic, and our road transport. A friend passing round the

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nearest corner becomes invisible to us even with the most powerful telescope. A few fathoms of water deprive us of a clear view of most submerged objects. The telephone brings our distant friend's mouth to our ear, but not his face within the sight of our eye. The clear sky is strewn with invisible clouds; the air is variegated with streaks and pockets which no eye has seen, but which airmen can sometimes very unpleasantly feel. X-rays show us the shadow of a bone, but they do not allow us to inspect its surface. The microscope reveals swarms of minute organisms, but it does not show us the microbe of measles or of hydrophobia. Nobody has yet seen an atom, nor any but the largest molecules, although both entities are freely discussed and described by chemists and physicists. And with all our advances in photography, we cannot take a snapshot in moonlight. We cannot see in the dark. We cannot find our way in a thick fog. A snowstorm blots out the horizon, a cloud obscures the sun, daylight hides the stars, and the flimsiest veil suffices to conceal features we should love to behold.

Are all these limitations but temporary obstructions, destined to dissolve before the more penetrating vision of the future? I, for one, believe that they are. Already an army of workers is engaged on the task of removing them. The intimate structure and configuration of atoms and molecules is being unraveled by the immortal work of Bragg and his disciples. We cannot yet see round a corner or 'telephote' our friends, but we can transmit pictures in a few minutes by wire and even by wireless. Concerts and speeches are being sent out broadcast on what are in reality but waves of invisible light, waves which it is the urgent business of science to render visible, directly or indirectly, to the human eye. That achievement, when it comes, will bring about a revolution in our modes of perception such as has not occurred since the Middle Ages.

And what is there to hinder it? Light is an electrical phenomenon. Our mastery of the various forms and phenomena of electricity is extending every day. To transmit light along a wire is but a question of suitable transformation. To transmit it by wireless telegraphy or telephony is even less difficult in theory, though the process is beset by its own problems. Once we can do either, distance, darkness, fog, and other intervening obstacles will lose most of their power of limiting our vision.

The man of the twenty-first century will be able to sit at home and turn the leaves of the universe with the ease with which he now cons the pages of a favorite book.

I am not one of those foolish people who contrast civilization with something they call 'the simple life.' Civilization *is* the simplification of life, or rather, of life's necessities. It is simpler to travel to Rome in a *wagon-lit* than to tramp it on foot. And when science lays all the world and its wonders at our feet we should rejoice in our ever-widening horizon, and use all ground gained as a basis for yet further expansion.

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'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS' AS A HISTORY SOURCE-BOOK

BY W. ERNEST BEET

From the *London Quarterly Review, April*
(LONDON WESLEYAN QUARTERLY)

THE place of *The Pilgrim's Progress* in world literature is beyond dispute. It is not, however, quite so clearly recognized that it also occupies an important place among source-books of English history. John Bunyan certainly never thought of himself as a writer of history, but in his great allegories he has provided a quarry whence the historian may draw valuable information concerning the England in which the immortal dreamer lived, and wrought, and suffered.

The Pilgrim's Progress is a marvelous portrait-gallery, and it is hardly conceivable that some at any rate of the portraits presented therein are not drawn from life, and represent types with which the author had become familiar in his own experience. It is a matter of common knowledge that Bunyan served in the ranks of the Parliamentary army, and took part in the decisive campaign of 1645. So long ago as 1831, in a well-known essay, and again twenty-three years later, in his famous article on Bunyan contributed to the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which still retains its place in the lately published eleventh edition, Lord Macaulay drew attention to the fact that his experience of military life left an abiding impression upon Bunyan's mind, and finds repeated expression through his pen. Great-heart in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and among others Captains Boanerges, Credence, and Experience in *The Holy War*, may be regarded, if not as individual portraits, at any rate as types of the better sort of Parliamentary officer — men who could not only strike a shrewd blow upon occasion, but could, if need be, preach an effective sermon, and exhort their men. Valiant-for-truth may perhaps be accepted as representative of the highest type of non-commissioned officer in the same service. Study of these military portraits helps one to form a better conception of what the army of the Parliament was really like, and to get a glimpse of the secret of the invincibility of the Ironside squadrons.

Very suggestive is the following picture of the cave 'where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time. . . . By this place Christian went without danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learned since that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of his age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by.' From this passage one may obtain a most interesting peep into the mind of a Protestant Nonconformist of the Restoration period. Pagan persecution was obviously a terror of the past, and the present outlook of Popery appeared to be in little better case. In other words, to the Protestant Nonconformist in the eighth decade of the seventeenth century it appeared that, so far as England was concerned, Romanism was a spent

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force, from which little was to be feared.

Another significant episode is the pilgrims' encounter with Atheist. At the present day atheism presents no very formidable opposition to the Christian apologist; and even agnosticism is far less obtrusive than it was a generation ago. But in the tainted atmosphere of Restoration London atheism was both fashionable and popular; and in the striking interview between the pilgrims and Atheist the reader of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is assisted to appreciate one of the difficulties with which the more thoughtful Christian believer had to reckon in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

Of quite exceptional interest is the description of Vanity Fair and the happenings there. As he enters the town of Vanity the reader is brought face to face with a feature of old English life, familiar enough, no doubt, to Bunyan and his contemporaries, but one which has almost passed out of mind so far as the present generation is concerned. Though even then they were of somewhat less account than they had been a century, or two centuries, earlier, the great fairs held a place in the economic and commercial life of England in the seventeenth century which it is not altogether easy for us to realize under the entirely changed industrial and economic conditions of the present day. The smallness of the towns, difficulties of transport, and the labor and peril of travel, particularly independent travel, rendered the great fairs of mediæval and early modern times a practical necessity. Among the better known and more important of the great fairs were those of Stourbridge, Winchester, Westminster, and, of course, Bartholomew Fair, in Smithfield.

Fairs were held under royal authority; they had their own Pie Powder Court (*Pied poudré* — dusty foot, that is, dusty with travel to the fair) for the dispensing of justice and maintenance of order during the fair; sometimes, as for instance in the case of Winchester, the fair had its own mayor and bailiff and officers, and a temporary monopoly of trade, business being suspended at Southampton while it was in progress, just as the London shops were bidden to close during the holding of the fair in the neighboring city of Westminster. The greatest and the longest-lived of all the fairs was that of Stourbridge, near Cambridge, of which a lively description by an eyewitness is to be found in so well-known and accessible a work as Defoe's *Tour through the Eastern Counties*. To accommodate the fair there sprang up a great town of booths, with its streets, one of them bearing the name of Cheapside, and its great square, known as the Duddery, in which stood the Court House; with its fifty hackney coaches, specially brought down from London for the occasion, and wherries from the Thames doing traffic on the Cam. Thither resorted a multitude of merchants from all parts of the land, a single one of them with goods valued at not less than £20,000 in his spacious tent. Stuffs of all kinds, hops and woolens, ironmongery, brassware and trinkets, jewelry, millinery, and horses were some only of the goods offered for sale. Taverns and puppet-shows, rope-dancers and drolls, catered for refreshment and recreation; there was an ample supply of all things necessary and of some things that were better done without, so far as eating and drinking and amusement were concerned.

Bunyan's description of Vanity Fair presents a vivid picture of the general appearance of one of these great fairs, and, transporting his reader back some two and a half centuries, sets him down in the midst of a scene quite characteristic of the life of that time. Like Stour-

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bridge or Winchester, Vanity Fair is arranged townwise, with its streets, its magistracy, its court, and its jail. But in this case the town does not spring up in a night and as rapidly vanish away; it is permanent, for Vanity Fair is not merely in being for sixteen days or less in the course of a year, but 'is kept all the year long.' No one can read this lively bit of description without being able to appreciate, more adequately than would be possible otherwise, what a great seventeenth-century fair was actually like. An interesting sidelight upon contemporary English feeling, in contrast with that of some of her neighbors, upon one outstanding religious question of the day is to be found in the comment that 'the ware of Rome and her merchandise are greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken dislike thereat.'

The persecution endured by the pilgrims in Vanity Fair reflects with but little exaggeration, though there are one or two lurid touches drawn from Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, the kind of treatment with which the Protestant Nonconformists became all too familiar during the days of reaction from 'the rule of the saints,' which was an immediate sequel of the Restoration of 1660. The trial itself, without any exaggeration at all, presents a fair picture of what went on, as a matter of course, in numberless state-trials under the Restoration régime. The judge himself is a partisan, who descends to the rôle of a prosecuting attorney, and brutally browbeats the witnesses for the defense. That this was true to the life the record of contemporary state-trials makes abundantly clear. Lord Hategood, unjudicial and cruel as he was, on the whole will be found to compare not unfavorably with Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, to mention one only of a very bad set.

What Jeffreys's demeanor on the bench was actually like may be learned from the account of the trial of the great Puritan divine, Richard Baxter, found in Macaulay's *History of England*, to quote one only of the numerous similar trials therein recorded. Bunyan himself experienced something of this sort — a shade less brutal, perhaps — when he stood his trial for preaching at the Bedford Quarter Sessions in January 1661. It has been conjectured that the original of Lord Hategood was, in matter of fact, Sir John Kelynge, at that time Chairman of Quarter Sessions, later a Justice of King's Bench, and eventually Lord Chief Justice of England. The verdict of Lord Macaulay, written in 1831, will bear repetition: 'The imaginary trial of Faithful, before a jury of personified vices, was just and merciful when compared with that of Alice Lisle before that tribunal where all the vices sat in the person of Jeffreys.'

Shortly after the escape of the surviving pilgrim from Vanity Fair, Bunyan brings upon the scene a remarkable group of individuals, who strikingly represent a type which was peculiarly characteristic of what passed for religious society among his contemporaries. By-ends of Fair-speech, his companions Hold-the-world, Money-love, and Save-all, and his kinsmen, who included Lords Turn-about and Time-server, Messrs. Facing-both-ways and Anything, and the parson of the parish, Mr. Two-tongues, were all alike well-known figures of the time. Multitudes of men in Bunyan's London, to whom all religions or no religion were the same, set much store upon religion as a marketable commodity, a convenient source of worldly gain, a stepping-stone to ecclesiastical or political preferment, and increased emolument out of public funds. Such had been, or were shortly to become in turns, Puritan, High

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Anglican, Papist, or Evangelical, as the interest of the moment might dictate.

This utterly unprincipled type was, unhappily, well represented in the ranks of the clergy, and has been inimitably hit off in that familiar old song, 'The Vicar of Bray,' which presents a picture true to the life. As an illuminating description of the varieties of this type the By-ends group will repay careful study. Half an hour given to the several individuals of which it is composed will assist the student to understand the spirit that dominated fashionable religious circles in and about the Restoration Courts, and among the politicians of the time, as perhaps nothing else will. In his creation of this group Bunyan has made one of his most notable contributions to our knowledge of the history of that unprincipled and immoral period.

Before leaving the neighborhood of Vanity Fair it may be worth while to draw attention to the greatly changed conditions prevailing there in the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, as compared with the first. It is still Vanity Fair, a place of ill-repute, but in some important respects it has greatly altered. The old persecuting spirit seems to have disappeared, and it is now possible for decent and godly folk to reside there without fear. Such, for example, are Mr. Mnason and his daughter Grace, with whom the pilgrims find a home, together with their friends, Messrs. Contrite, Holy-man, Love-saint, Dare-not-lie, and Penitent. Persons of this type cannot be thought of as living unmolested in Vanity Fair as we knew it at first; and the fact of its having now become possible is a measure of the change that has come over the manners and spirit of the town, and in the attitude of the general public toward those who made no secret of their Christian profession. It is difficult to resist the impression that this contrast was intentional, and that the writer had in mind the change effected in the London that he knew by the Declaration of Indulgence of 1672, as far at least as the comfort and safety of Noncomformist residents were concerned. London, it is true, was still an unclean city, the great fair was still open and thronged by a crowd of traffickers in vanity, but no longer unsafe for a clean person to live in, or to raise his voice publicly to call his fellow citizens to repentance. Here again, then, we are enabled to look at things through contemporary eyes, the eyes of a devout and intelligent observer.

Gaius and Mnason, the landlords, are distinctly interesting figures; for it is but reasonable to conjecture that they fairly represent the better type of innkeeper, a very important class of public servants in England two and a half centuries ago. A full century has not yet passed since the conditions of travel rendered the wayside inn indispensable to those who had to move from place to place. The coming of the railway has, of course, altered all that; but some of the fine old hostelries still existing, commodious far beyond any present requirement, serve as a reminder of that old England which has so completely passed away, and of a time when the traveler from London to Exeter, or Manchester, or York would require, as a matter of course, one or two nights' sleeping-accommodation en route. Our pilgrims, like other contemporary travelers, required such entertainment, and Gaius and Mnason meet their need as 'mine host' of the wayside hostelry.

The point of especial interest in this connection is the relation of host and guest as pictured in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Gaius welcomes the travelers as a friend might receive his own private guests; he personally entertains them at table, showing a kindly interest

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in their affairs, and advising with them on the most intimate family matters. The travelers are in the fullest sense made to feel that they are sojourning among friends who have their welfare and comfort at heart. Mr. Mnason, of Vanity Fair, in equal degree shows himself to be a real friend to his guests. Bunyan could hardly have painted his innkeepers in these very pleasing colors without any reference to the actualities of life as he saw it. Innkeepers no doubt differed widely one from another, as do the individuals of which any class is composed; some no doubt were more cordial and kindly, some less so. But the portraits of Gaius and Mnason make it practically certain that among the innkeepers of England were a fair proportion who strove to make their houses a home away from home for the travelers who sought their hospitality. This presents a pleasing picture of at any rate one feature of old English life, a business arrangement sweetened and humanized by personal interest and friendly relations.

When Christiana left the House Beautiful it will be remembered that she gave the porter a gold angel in acknowledgment of his kindness. This raises a small point, but one not altogether devoid of interest. The angel was a gold coin introduced from France into England by Edward IV in 1465. It varied in amount from six shillings and eightpence to ten shillings between the date of issue and its last coinage in 1634. Its obverse bore the figure of the Archangel Michael slaying the dragon, whence its name. The angel, it will be noted, had ceased to be minted in England some half-century before *The Pilgrim's Progress* was written. But Christiana's gift strongly suggests, though perhaps it can hardly be said to prove, that in the last quarter of the seventeenth century the gold angel, though no longer minted in England, was still a current coin.

BLESSING THE ARMS IN A TIBETAN CLOISTER

From *Berliner Tageblatt, March* 30
(Liberal Daily)

The cloister of Sang-pi-ling, clinging like an eagle's nest to the mountain, is surrounded by a defensive wall of uncommon strength, fifteen metres high, which with the towers rising at each corner makes it seem more like a mountain fortress than a holy place. The cloister is the dwelling of a sturdy group of monks, two hundred pious brothers with an abbot whose holiness and wisdom are known as far as the Bayenkara Mountains and even in far-off Yünnan. The heavy oaken door, leading in through the chief tower at the north of the cloister, between mighty blocks of stone, which on ordinary occasions is always closed by strong iron crossbars, stands open to-day. Fugitives from Batang are expected, seeking refuge and shelter in Sang-pi-ling — and they will find it.

As if by a miracle, several hundred Tibetans have escaped from the massacre that the Chinese have carried out among their brothers in Batang. All the rest, without distinction of age or sex, lie shot or beaten to death among their burned and shattered dwellings,

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or else have fallen victims, in their flight, to the wolves and bears. The Chinese fury of destruction has not even spared the great monastery in Batang, and it too has gone up in flames. Those of the monks who have little faith in any protection which their holiness may afford them are seeking safety at Sang-pi-ling, where every believer knows that his life will be protected.

That is why, on this late July morning in the year 1905, the narrow path — which winds four kilometres up the fissured ridge of Sang-pi-ling to where the monastery stands like a mountain stronghold, just below the summit of the western slope, until it finds its way at last in through the cloister door — is crowded with fugitives, all striving to reach the monastery, singly or in groups, through constant danger. Most of the men are wounded and even the women and children display terrible injuries, yet the fleeing swarm pushes on through hunger and cold.

In one place, where the path up the cliff runs close to the precipice, are many yawning gaps, which only men accustomed to them can cross in safety. Heart-rending scenes take place. In their anxiety the people swarm up to these crevasses like an endless human chain, pushed on to their death by those behind until the men, women, and children closest to the chasms go whirling down, shrieking in agony, to be shattered against the edge of the cliff and washed away by the foaming mountain torrent. Meanwhile the remnant of the fugitives — desperate, hungry, exhausted — slowly finds its way, amid incredible hardships, to the monastery door; and many kilometres to the north, where the cliffs are not so close to the river and the path grows wider, sharp eyes can make out the gleam of metal and moving groups of men, just visible, who are struggling hither. Armed lamas from Batang and Sang-pi-ling, supported by a swarm of lay Tibetans, form the defense of the fugitives, as they stream through the gap in the walls into the cloister. There are many hundreds of wounded men, women, and children, as well as a few nuns. . . .

After a week, though the situation had not changed, the lamas had made such progress that they could equip every man capable of bearing arms with a sword, a spear, or firearms of some kind — among them home-made flintlocks, as well as modern Russian, German, and Japanese military rifles bought from Chinese caravans and soldiers — and the abbot of Sang-pi-ling was in a position to regard the future with more equanimity. On the tenth of August these arms were to be blessed in the holy temple which stood in the middle of the cloister's courtyard, and on this occasion all the fighting men were to offer their thanks and their petitions to the all-powerful Tsong-Kapa, the special protector of Sang-pi-ling.

The cloister woke to bustling life. Men swarmed back and forth till it was like an ant's nest. Everyone pressed toward the temple — a building about twenty metres long, built like a hall with a flat roof, painted red, and with a courtyard surrounded by a wall about as high as a man. This wall was placed in the middle of the monastery, opposite the chief gate, and had a wide entrance-way opening through it. Inside the temple the walls were decorated with fantastic pictures in flaming colors, which represented human skins, reeking with blood like the hides of cattle in a slaughterhouse, with heads and hands and feet adhering. The inner side of the temple courtyard's wall had representations of dreadful tortures, amid which were scattered serpents, human skulls, bones,

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skeletons, and devils with the heads of bulls, pigs, dogs, and eagles. The holy places in the courtyard were occupied by a group of lamas. The rest of the people stood about the entrance to the temple court, which now was thickly packed, sat on the flat roofs of the houses, or found foothold on the broad wall encircling the whole monastery, where they gazed with odd expectant glances toward the feast, spread out on decorated metal plates on a small table in front of the temple and dedicated to the gods. It consisted of *tsamba*, rice, barley, meal, bread, and oil. All Sang-pi-ling was tensely waiting to begin the ceremony of blessing the arms.

At length, in the rear part of the temple, there opened a great folding-door — which hitherto I had not recognized as such — framing a sitting Buddha of colossal size, made of silver gilt and richly hung with silk and costly tapestries. It was Tsong-Kapa himself. Beside him were stuffed bears, tigers, a human skeleton, and in front of him, beneath the door, a great censer in wrought silver from which incense rose and floated through the interior of the hall. At the same moment a gong sounded dully and there was a tumult of bells, clarinets, trumpets, and conchs sounding inharmoniously together in a tumult which was presently increased by strokes on a drum. In the foreground a group of lamas were engaged in singing their litany, their cabalistic incantations, songs, and magic prayers, helped out by percussion instruments made of human skulls.

The noise of the prayers increased and, however little the resulting confusion might please the European, it could not fail to make a powerful impression. The hundreds of lamas in their brown-red robes and the lively groups of dwellers in valley and mountain throughout all Tibet, with the multicolored streamers and the flags of the cloister of Sang-pi-ling fluttering in the wind, gave the impression of something out of a fairy tale, which found an extraordinarily effective background in the strange landscape of the Tibetan highlands.

A stir went through the attentive people as somewhere inside the temple a gigantic trombone began to play uncannily. The supreme moment of the ceremony had come. The worshipers fell to the earth, murmuring their prayer — '*Om mane padme hom*' — and repeating it endlessly. The abbot of the cloister, with the insignia of his rank, — the high yellow hat of the priest, — strode to the altar. The dedication of the weapons was beginning. At a gesture from the abbot, some of the lamas approached, and with a great spoon each took some of the costly food standing on the table, then walked ceremoniously to the censer and threw his gift into its glowing interior as an offering in honor of Tsong-Kapa, patron-saint of the cloister. Last of all, out of a little brass pot, the abbot poured in holy oil. Then followed a repetition of the prayers, bell-ringing, and incantations.

After this the magic dances began. Lamas clad in death masks representing yaks, deer, tigers, and eagles, or adorned in gleaming garments, slowly began a round dance. Ever faster grew the tempo, until finally everything was a mad whirl. When the music reached its loudest, a white pillar of incense smoke rose like a mighty curtain to heaven. Suddenly the dance and music ceased. The goal was attained — the evil spirits were exorcised.

Now the armed lamas and the warriors of the cloister laid their spears and swords down in front of the big booth at the outskirts of the temple. In the centre of the temple court a

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great pyre was kindled with a big straw-stuffed doll — the symbol of the evil spirits who had been exorcised — lying on it. The prior besought the blessing of Tsong-Kapa on his cloister, and further besought him to banish the evil spirits both from the cloister and from its arms and to grant the warriors victory and strength. The abbot made another like prayer while the men took up their weapons and, holding them in their hands, began once more to dance wildly about the fire. All this while the flames had not yet reached the big doll. As the prior thrust his sword into the flame all the others imitated his movement with their swords. Meantime the fire had reached the doll and this was a signal for all the fighting men to thrust their lances and spears into it and to fire their rifles into the flame. The evil spirits, forced into the fire by the abbot, would thus receive their death blows.

AN ESKIMO FEAST

BY CHRISTIAN LEDEN

From *Vossische Zeitung, April* 13
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

Napsangoak gave a dinner with music and dancing yesterday, to which I was bidden as the guest of our common friend, the magician Masaitsiak. Besides myself, there were as many friends and neighbors of Napsangoak as his hut could hold, among them some of my white companions from the ship. My countrymen came for the most part as uninvited guests, not so much because they wanted to join the feast, but in order to get a glimpse into Eskimo life.

The Eskimo shares all that he has with his guests, even so rare a delicacy as the pièce de résistance of this feast. In northern Greenland meat must be kept for a long time until it attains the peculiar taste and odor which the Eskimos love, and so they bury the meat of a seal or a walrus under stones, keeping it there from one summer to another until at length, in the long winters, hunger forces them to dig it up. Yesterday we were invited as Napsangoak's guests to partake of such a seal which, after a long period of preparation, had been taken out of his stock.

The feast had already begun when I reached Napsangoak's hut. The men were sitting behind sealskins which had been stretched across the door to keep out the cold winds, all wearing blue-fox and polar-bear skins, and every man with a *pillaut*, or meat knife, in his hand. They were cutting up the seal with these blood-stained knives and tearing the raw flesh with their wonderfully strong teeth. Yet in the midst of this revel, which outwardly seemed so wild, the truest politeness reigned. One man would help another to the best piece from the seal, and our host, taking an enormous chunk of meat, handed it to me with the smile of a connoisseur and the words: 'I hope it will taste good.'

I took the meat, thanking him, but

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sat down some distance from the other guests, hoping that when their eyes were off me for a moment I might be able to throw the repulsive thing to the dogs which, as ever on such occasions, were standing round as near as they could, ready for any opportunity to snap up a bit of meat. To my dismay, my courteous host kept his eye on me in order to see whether I was comfortable and enjoying myself. But when he observed that I did not eat very fast, he said in a friendly way: 'It 's true, it smells so fine that it would ordinarily be a sin to eat it. But eat it up, and I 'll get you another piece to smell.'

Now the odor was at least as bad as the taste, and as I saw my host preparing to cut off another piece for me I bolted into the interior of the hut. Here the Eskimo women were at table, eating with incredible appetites. Accustomed as they are to long periods of fasting, the Eskimos make up for them when better times come, by consuming fabulous portions. Those parts of the seal which appeal least of all to a white man's taste were lying on stone platters before the women. Sagwah, our hostess, was using a tin plate with the inscription 'Gjoa,' a gift from one of the members of Captain Amundsen's expedition.

When at last the seal had been consumed and the bones had been tossed to the dogs, the guests assembled in the inner room and the dancing and musical entertainment began. We pushed back in order to leave room for the magician to give his display in the middle of the hut. Masaitsiak, the oldest and most honored man in the village, was a kind of priest and medicine man combined — he was, in short, an angekok. His exhibition consisted half of dancing and half of a song, which we were told he had composed himself, and the text of which he improvised during the recitative connecting the various melodies. Another magician, named Ajorsalik, stood opposite Masaitsiak, holding an ancient piece of driftwood in one hand, in one end of which he sank his teeth. He stood there, quite calm and motionless, staring into the face of the old magician as if trying to hypnotize him, and Masaitsiak, apparently under the influence of his gaze, began to sing and dance with half-shut eyes, swaying the upper part of his body back and forth.

After the angekok had sung for a short time, his wife struck in, and all the other women took up the melody. At first they sang in deep-toned unison, but as the dance grew wilder the music, sweeping into a crescendo, became a lament. The strange movements that the dancers made with their knees and abdomens, the swaying of the upper part of their bodies, the melody with its monotonous cadences, the beating of the drum, the voices in their wild, complaining outcry, made us feel ourselves in the midst of a storm of emotion with which we could sympathize but which we could not understand. The tragedy of the North was in the song and it seemed as if the singers and the dancers were influencing their listeners. The eyes of old Masaitsiak were now completely closed, as if he were going into a kind of hypnotic trance. As the dancing ended, the other magician held his piece of driftwood, to which he frankly ascribed magic power, to the dancer's nose, meantime uttering ear-splitting yells, until at length the uproar was enough to waken Masaitsiak from his trance. When the old man had been roused at last, he felt suffocated by the heat and threw off his skins. As he stood there with his naked breast scratched and scarred by hand-to-hand fights with polar bears, he seemed more like an animal than a human being.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE TORN GRAY COAT

BY GWEN SYMS

[*Observer*]

I WILL take down the torn gray coat where it hangs behind the door,
Stained with the marks of field and stream, and the green downs and the moor,
Faded with sun and wind and rain, shabby with weight of years,
And I will go down to the woods to greet April's laughter and tears.

I will take down the old gray hat from its nail on the whitewashed wall,
I will go down by the sheltered copse to hear the cuckoo call.
My heart is choked with the city dust, my eyes are blind with the glare,
I will go down to the woods to feel the dew in the April air.

My soul has no room for the tumult and pulsing roar of the town,
It is content with the damp earth, and the color of sky and down;
The green of the moss and the rushes, the yellow of bank and lea —
I will go down to the April woods, and peace shall go down with me.

AT THE VERY EDGE OF DEATH

BY EDWARD CARPENTER

[*English Review*]

OUT of this tangle of cross-purposes and misunderstandings which we call existence,
These unworthy suspicions, these malicious innuendoes, these stifled revenges and hatreds which constitute human life,
Oh, at last to emerge, what joy! What gladness!
To leave it all behind!

As a perfume exhaled by bruised sweet herbs, or faint incense wafted from sun-smitten woodlands,
So even here, and at the very edge of Death
(What joy! What liberation!)
To hear the clarion-call, to breathe the divine aroma of another world!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

NERO AS AN OPERATIC STAR

AFTER fifty years' labor by the composer, several years during which it lay neglected in manuscript, and a period of rehearsal under conditions of strictest secrecy, Arrigo Boito's music drama, *Nerone*, has achieved a brilliant success at its first performance in La Scala at Milan. Boito first confided to his friends his intention of writing an opera with Nero as its subject in 1862, but he seems to have begun actual work some years later, and continued working on it until his death in 1918. In 1901 he published his libretto, not as an acting drama but as a play conceived for musical setting.

Nerone is a work of extraordinary length, even though the composer before his death consented to sacrifice the fifth act, which represents the burning of Rome. The opera opens with a scene in which Nero, overcome by the thought of his guilt as a matricide, rushes on the stage carrying his mother's ashes for burial. The Emperor is made the dupe of Simon Magus, a character taken over, name and all, from the New Testament. In contrast with this practitioner of a debased gnostic philosophy stands Fanuel, an apostle of pure Christian faith. The chief women characters are Asteria, infatuated with the Emperor, yet willing to aid Simon Magus in the fraudulent magic with which Nero is deceived, and Rubria, a vestal virgin, who dies a Christian martyr. There is a magnificent scene in a subterranean temple with idols, an oracle, a magic mirror, and various other trumpery frauds which at first deceive the Emperor, until, suddenly realizing that he is being tricked, he wrecks the shrine.

The next scene shows the simple worship of the Christians who are betrayed to the Roman officials by Simon Magus. The next is the circus, where the vestal virgin Rubria seeks to obtain clemency for the Christians and is herself condemned to join the victims. The last scene is the vault into which the dead bodies of the victims are thrown, where Fanuel and the repentant Asteria come to seek the body of Rubria. They find her still half alive. She receives absolution of her sins and dies a martyr for the true faith.

All rehearsals of the opera were conducted in a strict secrecy, and until forty-eight hours before the first performance not a soul outside the Scala company had heard a note of the music. Scores were then handed to a few journalists who were admitted to the final rehearsal under a personal pledge of secrecy. It is not quite certain how much of the music was written by

What 's all that stuff for?

I 'm going to see *Nerone*. It begins at nine o'clock, you know, and does n't finish till some time next day. — *La Tribuna*

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Boito himself, for, although Toscanini directed everything, various other musicians are said to have tried their hands in revising and completing the orchestration.

The opera lasted till one o'clock, and although the first acts were received with great enthusiasm the audience appeared almost worn out toward the end. The stage settings were the handiwork of Professor Lodovico Pagliaghi, who is said to have achieved historic accuracy in every detail without sacrificing the beauty of his settings to this comparatively minor virtue.

✠

REMINISCENCES OF AN ENGLISH PUBLISHER

MR. GRANT RICHARDS, the London publisher, has been talking to the London *Morning Post* about some of his adventures since he first began publishing in 1897. A. E. Housman, Bernard Shaw, Samuel Butler, Thomas Burke, and Arthur Machen are some of his risky ventures. When he took over publication of Mr. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*, the most important English verse of our century had been printed at the author's expense and had not been discovered by anybody. The first five hundred copies took several years to sell at half a crown apiece. To-day collectors of 'modern firsts' are paying £30 apiece for those very books. The stoicism of the poems, with their Greek perfection of expression, made a great appeal to the British soldiers during the war, and many copies of the slim pocket edition were taken into the trenches.

Mr. Richards was the publisher of some of Shaw's early work, — notably the two volumes that appeared as *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*, — in spite of the author's warning: 'You 'll be ruined or get into prison, or suffer both disasters.' But Mr. Richards lays no claim to being the discoverer of G.B.S., an honor he awards Mr. J. T. Grein, who was the first producer of a Shaw play. It was Shaw who introduced Samuel Butler to his publisher with the words, — which the facts fully justified, — 'He's a shy old bird.' At that time Butler, who had made money in Australia as a young man, was publishing his books at his own expense. Mr. Richards took them over as he had taken over *A Shropshire Lad*, with the happiest results.

Thomas Burke's *Limehouse Nights* had been the rounds of all the publishers. One offered to publish it after the war, but thought it was too sad for the public of 1915. Mr. Richards took it, sadness or no sadness, and it was a success on two continents.

Alec Waugh's *The Loom of Youth* was another book which everyone refused until Mr. Richards decided to risk it. He was also the publisher of Arthur Machen's *The Hill of Dreams*, which appeared in 1907, ten years after Machen had tramped the London streets and retired to the misery of Bloomsbury Lodgings to write it. In spite of the extraordinary beauty of its style, *The Hill of Dreams* sold badly for a long time, and it has been only within recent years that attention was attracted to it. Even to-day its best public is American.

✠

PIERRE LOTI AT ROCHEFORT

A SIMPLE marble plaque has been erected in the Lycée at Rochefort, where Pierre Loti went to school as a boy. The proposal to erect a memorial was first made five years ago, but was bluntly checked by Loti himself as soon as he heard of it. Writing in *Le Figaro*, Gaston Mauberger describes Loti's attitude when the suggestion was first broached: —

'What!' said the novelist. 'Put up

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my name in the Lycée de Rochefort? What are you thinking of, my friend? You know very well that I was a bad pupil who studied very little and was not in the least disciplined. A pretty example that would be for the boys of the present and the future!'

His interlocutor sought to pacify the writer, addressing him by his naval rank of 'Commandant,' the only title in which the academician took any great pride. He reminded him that two other famous pupils of the same Lycée, Lamartine and Hugo, had been honored by commemorative plaques, in spite of dubious academic records.

'Very likely,' replied Loti, 'but Lamartine and Hugo were both dead when the honor was done them.'

He was not to be persuaded, and no memorial could be erected until after his death. M. Mauberger, however, suggests that Loti somewhat exaggerated his own iniquity as a schoolboy: 'It is true that he never attained specially high rank in either the general or the academic competitions. It is quite true that he never took a prize and, moreover, he was far from being what one might call a brilliant student. He was rather a very unequal student, somewhat idle, somewhat dreamy, preferring music and drawing to literature, neglecting Homer and Vergil in favor of Beethoven and Chopin, covering his exercise book with amusing sketches, working by fits and starts, at the head of his class one day, at the foot the next, and never permitting it to be seen that soon Pierre Loti was to emerge from Julien Viaud.'

✻

MR. WORDSWORTH, THAT CONCEITED YOUNG MAN

WORDSWORTH is held up for the derisive gaze of future generations in the journal of the Fourth Lord Holland, which has just been published in London. His Lordship was a languid young man of fashion, who employed part of his leisure in the early years of the nineteenth century in keeping a rather dull journal into which the unlordly public is at length permitted to gaze. One paragraph, scrawled on the evening of March 18, 1802, suffices, however, to redeem the journal, for, the more important topic of food being safely disposed of, Lord Holland bestows three aristocratic sentences on Wordsworth: —

> Dined at the B.'s. A very dull affair. We had, however, *asperges*, a rarity at this season. Lady B. informed me that these, as well as the *pommes de terre*, were sent direct from the estate. Over the wine talked with a young Mr. Wordsworth — a pompous, conceited kind of young man, and a poet. He belongs to the new school of ranting, canting, *Germanizing* vapourists. One has to meet very *odd* people sometimes. . . .

✻

CONCERNING ANAGRAMS

THE nearest approach on record to a completely insoluble anagram was recently achieved by a Persian telegraph-operator who arranged alphabetically all the letters in all the messages that he had to send and proceeded to dispatch first all the *a*'s, then all the *b*'s, then all the *c*'s, and so on, until he had sent every letter in every message, each in its proper place in the alphabet. Yet even such an anagram has an historical parallel in the form of an announcement made by Huyghens on the occasion of his discovery of the rings about Saturn, to the effect that *aaaaaaa ccccc d eeeee g h iiiiiii llll mm nnnnnnnnn oooo pp q rr s ttttt uuuuu*. This was solved almost at once to read: *Annulo cingitur tenui plano nusquam cohaerente ad eclipticam inclinato.*

Of course the obvious trouble with such anagrams as these is that they are much too easy for the author and too

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hard for the public. In ancient Greece, however, the author of a tragedy had a real job on his hands, especially when he came to write the first eight lines of iambic verse. At this point he not only had to make good sense, but he had to provide letters to make eight other iambic lines, the first two of which should give his own name, and the next two the Olympiad for which the drama was being written; the third pair contained a homage to Athena, and the final couplet gave the glad warning that it was time to stop playing parlor games and begin paying attention to the show.

Professor Margoliouth points this out in a recently published book of his entitled *The Homer of Aristotle.* Here he gives the anagrams to each of the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides together with similar cipher-readings from Homer. It is the Professor's theory that the Attic tragedies are Homeric miracle plays and that their anagrams are part of the Homeric tradition. The clue to this discovery was given by Italicus, an old Latin translator of the *Iliad*, who rendered the first seven lines of the original into eight Latin lines containing an acrostic of his name.

The *Saturday Review* describes Professor Margoliouth's theory as follows:

> If the first two letters of each of the seven lines be set in a line and treated as the first line of an anagram, and the others in order, we obtain eight iambic lines, and in these the name of the author, Homer of Ios, and of the poem, the Achilleis. A similar cipher is to be found in the preface to the *Odyssey;* and both are worked out fully in Professor Margoliouth's book. In the latter cipher there is a reference to the famous 'katharsis' of the Poetics, and the Professor infers that Aristotle was acquainted with the cipher-reading.

The same paper goes on to say that this theory should gain many followers as its sponsor is a man of excellent reputation and his ideas are based on sound and scholarly precedent.

♣

MAKING MAPS BY AIRPLANE

MAPPING by air photography, which developed during the Great War and from which great things were expected in peace-time surveying, is by no means so efficient or so economical as was hoped. An air survey committee, which has been at work for the British War Office since 1920, now reports that distortions due to the tilt of the camera, the limitations of vertical photography, and variations in the height of the moving airplane all affect the value of the results. The airman's camera can therefore never completely replace the more prosaic surveyor on the ground. The airplane is not, however, without its topographic uses. In war it cannot be dispensed with, and in time of peace it is successful in reasonably flat country with a well-trained pilot.

♣

SPINSTERS, ATTENTION!

THE London *Morning Post*, the leading Tory daily, is not so attached to the good old ways that it is unwilling to see an occasional alteration in the English vocabulary. This probably accounts for the following note, which is not so radical an innovation as it sounds, based as it is on Britain's most cherished institution, the tea-cup.

> Spinsters everywhere will welcome an expression which is quickly coming into favor. It is no longer the custom in certain quarters to refer to single ladies of from forty to fifty as being on the shady side of forty or the sunny side of fifty. The correct thing to say is: 'She is about tea-time age!'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Patrick Branwell Brontë, by Alice Law. London: Philpots, 1924.

[*Times*]

Much more evidence exists than is commonly supposed for the belief that Branwell Brontë had a hand in the composition of *Wuthering Heights*. Mr. Francis A. Leyland's book on *The Brontë Family* (Hurst and Blackett, 1886) was written with special reference to Patrick Branwell; the fame of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* has somewhat overshadowed it. Miss Law, reading Leyland, has seen the whole Brontë history from a new angle, and has detected in the accepted verdict of critics and biographers a spite against Branwell, a determination to throw his weaknesses and vices into relief.

'From the time of Mrs. Gaskell until now, Branwell Brontë's failure has been everywhere emphasized to magnify his sisters' success or to enhance the pathos of their sufferings, until it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that his poor life and reputation have been used much as were the bodies of some of the Early Christians — tarred with obloquy and burned as a torch to throw a more lurid light on the struggles of his kinsfolk battling in life's arena.'

In particular, the grudge against Branwell was the idealization of Emily on its reverse side; he had claimed a share in her novel, and it must be shown he was incapable of such a thing.

Miss Law makes out a strong case for her hero. Branwell was known to have been engaged on a three-volume novel, and to have finished the first volume when Emily 'produced' *Wuthering Heights*. Friends of Branwell's to whom he had read or recounted portions of this novel of his recognized them, when *Wuthering Heights* came out, so clearly that they could have predicted the incidents. When the novel was first published, it was universally regarded as the work of a man, and even of a bad man. Its plot exploits Branwell's crimes or calamities as we cannot believe his sister would have cared to do. What she did was to stand godmother to his book, and thus secure for it Charlotte's interest and influence, while, from the date of its appearance until her death, she preserved in regard to her authorship an attitude of stony silence.

Miss Law is absolutely convinced of the truth of the case as she represents it, and therefore writes convincingly. It is unfortunate for her that the new suggestions about Branwell's poetry contained in Mr. Shorter's recent edition of Emily's poetical works came too late for her consideration, for they would have strengthened the argument. A verdict cannot be lightly given, yet we have so intimate a knowledge of the temperament and character of brother and sister that it cannot long be in doubt.

General Botha, by Earl Buxton. London: John Murray, 1924. 12*s*.

[*Observer*]

At least a dozen of the sixteen chapters forming this book are of the nature of conscientious record, but illuminating and valuable, none the less. Lord Buxton went out as Governor-General practically as the Great War broke out, and arrived just as South Africa lost Lord de Villiers, on whom he had relied, and rightly, as a tower of strength. Within a month the first rebellion broke out, on far more serious lines than has ever been realized here, and the accidental shooting of General De La Rey was stigmatized by the malcontents as murder. It was a grim outlook for a new administrator of Quaker ancestry, and Lord Buxton began to wonder if his London tailor had been so mistaken after all in equipping every garment in his outfit with a pistol pocket.

The personal touches in this book are full of warmth and color, including those relating to Mrs. Botha, the single-hearted wife of Irish descent, their five children, and the General's valet. The latter was ordered to report on the General's health at every stage of his campaigns. One day he sent word: 'Dear Madam and all, me and the General took Windhuk yesterday. The General keeps well.'

On one return from Europe photos were being unpacked of conferences, and so forth, but one of The Last Supper, by Leonardo, had slipped in with the rest. It puzzled the faithful servitor, and he turned to the daughter of the house with: 'I can't make out where the General is sitting at this dinner, can you, Miss?'

All this may be 'small potatoes,' as the General himself used to say, but it endears the man and accounts for the hold he had on those around him. When he came to England, in 1907, after the Boer capitulation, it was with the feelings of 'a slave tied to the chariot wheel,' as he said himself; but he was cured by a dose of the genial physic he used to administer to others: —

'King Edward sent for him and they had a long and intimate talk. The King began by telling Botha how perfectly he understood his feelings, and that he realized how painful the position must be to him in spite of the admiration they all felt for him, and their anxious desire to express their friendship. When Botha came back

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from the interview he told our friend that the King had entirely understood his position, that a great load had been lifted from his mind, and that his feelings in regard to his visit were entirely changed.'

An Anthology of English Verse, by John Drinkwater. London: William Collins's Sons, 1924. 6*s*.

[E. B. Osborn in the *Morning Post*]

PERHAPS when Mr. Drinkwater has worked off every *magni nominis umbra* in English and American history, from Canute to Canning and from Columbus to Coolidge, he will find time to write some more poetry — I sincerely hope he will. His Anthology, which is intended for the general reader, not for the 'informed critic,' is an admirable example of its kind. It has some most refreshing features. For instance, it gives Crashaw's 'Wishes' in its full, original form — I for one could never forgive the gentlemanly Palgrave for pruning away so many of the best stanzas in that sweetly odorous trailing trellis rose-tree of a poem. That is one of the worst blots on *The Golden Treasury*, which ought, I think, to be so revised as to bring it into touch with the wider and wider tasks of to-day. Again, Mr. Drinkwater's Anthology is not too much overloaded with the productions of old Daddy Wordsworth — a great poet when he forgot to be a preacher, it is true, but unobservant of the sweet, secret beauties of flowers and birds in his too earnest desire to provide Nature with a soul in the prosaic pattern of his own. . . .

It is unjust to blame the anthologist for leaving out any of one's favorite poems. But it is only human to do so, and I cannot help deploring the absence of Matthew Arnold's 'Forsaken Merman' and the anthologist's strange forgetfulness — it can only be that, surely — in omitting Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti altogether. Yet I very well know it is unfair to blame him for such omissions, since all he has included is the purest gold.

And I ought to be, and am, deeply grateful to Mr. Drinkwater for always printing the original texts of the elder poets.

La question des noirs aux États-Unis, by Franck Schoell. Paris: Payot, 1924.

[Henri Mazel in *Le Mercure de France*]

SINCE I am in the United States at the moment, I may venture to praise M. Franck Schoell's book, *La question des noirs aux États-Unis*, which has a preface by one of our own colonial governors, M. Maurice Delafosse, whose name stands as authority wherever the psychology of human races is concerned. Brother Jonathan, who is so proud of his democratic spirit, who pretends to be scandalized at our little repugnances on the part of the upper to the lower classes, forgets that he is himself acting like a convinced aristocrat toward colored people.

The World War had one effect, as unexpected as it was praiseworthy, when it showed these Americans that in Europe we don't treat the Blacks like animals, and our fine antimilitarists must at least recognize that a work of liberation for the poor Negroes has been accomplished by two wars. Neither must it be forgotten that the black man is not unworthy of this liberation, even though he may still leave a good deal to be desired in the proprieties, in hygiene, industry, continence, and sobriety — the prohibition law is partly to be explained by his presence. If he has not done much in the commercial, coöperative, scientific, or economic domains, he has at least made a success in agriculture as well as in the various forms of insurance, in teaching, and in certain fields of arts and letters. Even as an industrial worker he is worth a good deal more than some white men.

It seems then as if, instead of seeking a solution of the Negro question in a modernized form of slavery, or transportation into Africa, or segregation in a special district of the South or the West, it is better to put some confidence in the race, abolish the odious system of lynching, and little by little make that equality which now exists only in written laws a reality. The development during the last two or three years of commissions for interracial coöperation in the Southern states is an excellent sign which permits us to hope that the Blacks and the Whites will more and more come to live in good understanding. We Frenchmen can only applaud such an evolution.

BOOKS MENTIONED

FOX, HENRY EDWARD (Fourth and Last Lord Holland). *Journal*. Edited by the Earl of Ilchester. London: Thornton Butterworth, 1924. 25*s*.

MATTHEWS, BASIL. *The Clash of Colour: A Study in the Problem of Races*. London: United Council of Missionary Education, 1924. 2*s*.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

ANDREEV, LEONID. *The Little Angel and Other Stories*. Translated from the Russian. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1924. $1.25.

PALEOLOGUE, MAURICE. *An Ambassador's Memoirs*. Translated from the French by F. A. Holt. London: Hutchinson, 1924. 18*s*.

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